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CALLING ALL GIRLS

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FROM YOU to US



WE ALWAYS like to know what you think, and we are glad to publish excerpts from some of your letters. We wish we had space to print all of them. We hope more and more of you will write us—tell us what you like about the magazine, what you don't like, what you want to see in future issues. Even though we can't answer all your letters, we give thoughtful consideration to every one of them. When you write us, address your letters to From You to Us Editor, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Testing, 1-2-3-4

I enjoy your quizzes about teen-age girls and manners. I feel I know more about myself when I answer them.

J. W., Kilgore, Tex.

One eye on tomorrow

Your series, "Your Career as a —," is one of the best articles in CAG because it helps us to find out what the opportunities are before we definitely make up our minds about the future.

D. K., New York, N. Y.

Less star-light

In the May issue of CAG, there were three articles devoted to Hollywood. I think it would be much nicer if you used some of that space for more fiction—or, even better, for articles of interest or good looks or manners. Those career articles are peachy!

A. L., Atlanta Ga.

A different picture

I enjoy reading *CALLING ALL GIRLS*. My pen friend in Canada sends them to me. I am fourteen and in Form 4 (Grade 9 in America). We are not allowed to wear make-up, except at school socials. If we are caught by prefects or teachers anywhere with boys, we get whatoo. The boy gets the strap, and the girl gets detention. We do not have movies every night nor any teen-age clubs. Your magazine does give us a good picture of Americans, who seem to be very cheerful and gay.

H. P., Temuka, New Zealand

Right on the beam

CAG seems to know just what is in a girl's mind. The articles come out at just the right time—such as those in your June issue. "How to Get and Keep that Summer Job" and "All Aboard" were perfect.

M. J., Chiloquin, Ore.

Words about the tale

I have only one complaint. "Web of Dreams" in the June issue left us up in the air about Lorna. I wish you'd have a sequel to the story, telling about the dance and what happened afterward.

M. J. L., Geneva, Neb.

"Web of Dreams" was one of the (Continued on page 81)





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Holiday for HEARTS

WHO SNAGGED Superman Jones for the dance?" Stephie Hunt shouted to be heard over the gym showers.

"Not me. I had to settle for Benjie. And he practices drop kicks on the dance floor!"

Ginny Post's plaintive answer brought a grin to Stephie's face and she poked her head mischievously in the shower stall from which Ginny's voice had emerged.

"Want some ankle guards?" Stephie volunteered, retreating hastily as a scoop of cold water caught her.

"At least Ginny has a date." Sue Jensen emerged from another stall, shaking out sandy curls that clung moistly to her head.

The stream of shower water was abruptly cut off and Ginny's drenched face appeared through the curtain. "Susie! No date?" Consternation was in her voice.

Sue nodded glumly and turned dejectedly toward the locker room.

"There's still plenty of time to be asked, Sue," Stephie consoled.

"It's easy for you to talk, Steph. If I were lucky enough to be Ralph Meehan's steady, I'd . . ." Sue's words trailed off in a sigh.

A little smile curled Stephie's lips as she stepped quickly into her shorts. "He is nice," she murmured.

"Wipe the canary feathers off your mouth, Stephie." Ginny, towel wrapped squaw style about her, spoke dryly.

"I only said Ralph was nice" Stephie looked up in surprise.

"Are you telling us? Class president. Yearbook editor. Head of Student Council. Basketball star . . ."

"Don't forget his beautiful soul," Stephie interrupted Ginny with mock seriousness.

Sue rocked herself gently on the long bench that ran between the green gym lockers. "All of which still doesn't get me a date," she muttered.

Stephie could tell by the way Sue worried a curl that the dance mattered to her terribly. "Well, you still haven't answered my question about Superman," she persisted.

"He hasn't asked anyone, unless

Dates didn't bother Stephie. She'd always had Ralph. But then, when all that changed, she made a big discovery

By HELEN CIANCIMINO



"It's wonderful, of course," Stephie said. But all the while Ralph talked, she could feel the numbness engulfing her.



he's dragging out-of-town talent." The curl hung limply over Sue's sad blue eyes.

"Why don't you work on him?" Stephie said it the way you'd suggest getting a slice of bread and peanut butter. Ginny whirled, sparks in her eyes.

"How recently have you tried to get a date with anyone like Superman?" she demanded.

Stephie stood still, arms awkwardly suspended in the air as she struggled into a jersey. Why, there had always been Ralph, living next door—an inseparable companion. Ginny knew that.

Sue grinned up at Stephie in the way that transformed her plain little face and made her lovable. "Superman is not only the new boy in town, Steph," she explained patiently. "He's good looking and oomph and the wolf pack is after him—full force." She swung her thin legs to the ground and stood up. "That kind of game takes real bait, like Joyce Saxony, for instance."

"You're worth six Joyce Saxons," Stephie began loyally.

Sue knotted cardigan sleeves around her neck and started for the door. "Sure," she agreed. "Only it doesn't show."

Stephie glanced quickly at herself in the mirror behind her locker door. Brown hair. Brown eyes. Tanned skin. Chin too pointed. Not much nose to speak of. She shut the locker door, clicking the combination firmly. Ralph was satisfied with her. She ran out to the corridor where Sue and Ginny were waiting. They were talking to a tall boy who could have modeled for a statue of a Greek discus thrower. Ginny's voice had reached the falsetto pitch it achieved whenever boys were present, and Sue's face just looked plain because self-consciousness had wiped away all the lively expression.

"Hi, Superman," Stephie greeted the boy mischievously, ignoring the shocked expression on Sue's face. "Didn't you know that was your nickname?" she continued innocently, as his face registered surprise. "Well, frankly, John Jones doesn't do justice to such packaged male beauty, so we made it Superman."

Superman grinned appreciatively at Stephie's easy, teasing manner. "How about a soda at Mile's?" he suggested.

Stephie shook her head firmly. "I have a story to write for the *Clarion*."

"Movie tonight?" Superman persisted.

"Committee meeting for the dance." Stephie's dimple twinkled disarmingly as she linked arms with Ginny and Sue and headed for the door. "See you around," she called back casually. "Easy catch," she leaned over and whispered encouragingly into Sue's ears.

The dangerous sparkle reappeared in Ginny's eyes. "Easy catch when you've already caught your trolley car."

A horn honked wildly as an ageless coupé pulled up to the curb.

"Steph! Hurry up!" Ralph struggled with the car door and Stephie mumbled a good-bye to the other girls as she ran toward the curb and climbed into the seat next to a Ralph whose hair was rumpled the way it usually was just before the *Clarion* went to press, or the team needed a basket to win.

"Steph! What news! You'll never believe. I..." Ralph sputtered with excitement.

"Hey, begin at the beginning," Stephie laughed.

"We're going to move!"

Like a bomb he tossed the phrase at Stephie, and sat back to wait for the effect. It was as though she held the bomb before she realized it was alive and might explode in her hands.

"What—what do you mean—move?" she stammered at last.

"Me. Us. I mean the family. We're moving to the city. Isn't it terrific?" Ralph waited for her to chime in enthusiastically, just as she always did. Stephie forced a smile and words that she tried to make bright and interested.

"Where? When? How come? It's wonderful, of course. Tell me more."

But all the while he talked, she could feel the numbness engulfing her. Ralph was glad to be leaving town! Ralph was going away. No more next-door neighbor. No more steady date. And he was delighted! She was grateful that driving forced him to keep his eyes on the road.

"... So Dad's being transferred pronto to the city branch and, holy cow, I can't wait to go!"

"Won't you feel strange?" Stephie questioned. "I mean, away from all the gang and stuff here."

"Oh my gosh, that's the best part. Everything will be new and I'll have to work. This town is too easy pickings."

He wasn't boasting, Stephie realized. For Ralph, the town was easy pickings and the new town would be too, because Ralph was, well—Ralph. The boy to put pep into a school paper, spirit into a school team, power into a student organization.

For the first time in all the years they had been inseparables, Stephie was glad when he dropped her at her door. "See you at the committee meeting," she said.

"Would you like a cup of chocolate, Steph?" Mrs. Hunt called from the kitchen.

But Stephie was half way up the stairs, mumbling something (*Continued on page 71*)





DATA ON DANA

**Good acting comes first on Andrews' agenda,
but that's not the only reason he's first on yours**

By ANNETTE TUNNGREN

DOGGED does it, or so we've been told. In Dana Andrews' case, it was double-dogged and then some, that climb to a place among the stars. But his star-spot is all the more permanent because, in earning it the hard way, Dana learned a lot about acting.

It was acting that was on his mind when Dana went to high school in Texas, where he was sometimes designated as "that nice-looking Andrews boy who sings." Acting and singing shared his attention at Sam Houston College, where he also took time for football, debating and classes in psychology, law, and English. Even when he sat at the chief accountant's desk in an oil company's office, he couldn't quite get Hollywood off his mind. One day he decided, just like that, and set out to hitchhike to California.

Seven years later he got his first picture role. One of Samuel Goldwyn's talent scouts saw him in a Pasadena Playhouse production, and signed him up—but that was after a long series of gas station jobs, attempts at breaking into the films by the singing route, and a good many spear-carrying parts in small theatrical shows which gave him experience and not much else. He was featured in a number of pictures both for Samuel Goldwyn and for Twentieth Century-Fox before his first real break came, a starring role in "Laura." After that came "A Walk in the Sun," "State Fair," and other excellent parts. You'll see him next in "The Best Years of Our Lives." In this picture, he has the hero role, that of Captain Fred Derry, returned war veteran. You'll see him in a soda clerk's white jacket and in an Army Air Corps uniform—which six-foot Dana wears very nicely. That quiet, down-to-earth (Continued on page 60)



Upper right—Any toy that wears out or won't work for the three young Andrews winds up in Dana's home workshop. And comes out with a complete overhaul job that lasts—until the next time! That intense concentration is all on account of a truck that needs a new lease on life.

Far right—When Dana takes to the sea, it's most likely in his sloop-rigged cutter, the "Kathryn." No gold-braid admiral could take more pride in keeping things shipshape, and Dana can swab a deck, too.

Right—Just one more story! Dana's the only man in the life of his daughter, Kathryn. She's three-and-a-half and about as big as a minute. Favorite reading with Dana is Shakespeare, or maybe Dickens, but he'll take time out for a nursery tale any time Kathryn says so.





THEY'RE STYLING FURS FOR TEENS

By **NANCY PEPPER**
Fashion Editor

Of course, it's all up to your family whether or not you get your first fur coat this winter. Don't wheedle if they say they can't afford it. Be content with a good-looking cloth coat (for instance, the White Smoke coats on page 46). But if this is to be your Big Year—then these are the fur coats for you. They're styled and sized for teens they're all priced under \$200.

Opposite page, seeing spots before your eyes? No wonder, when you have these ocelot-stenciled lapin coats on your mind. Left, a tailored style with shirt sleeves for sports or dress-up. Right, last word in luxury—push-up sleeves and full, flaring lines, by Corday. Hats by Betmar. feed bag by Teen Town.

Above, left, Bonmouton, the aristocrat of moutons, in rich, heavy brown. A Wintra coat with the full push-up sleeves and flaring seven-eighths length style you'll see in the costliest furs. Feathered cloche by Betmar. Above, right, mouton dyed bright red for rugged sportswear, by Schampp Fur. Babé stocking cap, Teen Town plaid feed bag.

Right, beaver-dyed and stenciled lapin combined in tuxedo style. You can even get a hat and bag to match! All by Fluid Fit. Teen furs in the fur departments of Official Headquarters Stores, page 82, or write for where-to-buy information.

Consolation prize. Even if you can't get a fur coat this year, you can get a fur Lolly-Pup to wear on your lapel. Only \$1, by the creator of Stinky.

HOW TO KEEP WARM AND DRY

Keep dry in a hooded, water-repellent poncho, below, of Pacific plaid cotton. Brand new idea by Aquatogs, comfortable over your heaviest coat. About \$11. Knee-length socks by Tricamp, angle-toed ghillies by Sandler. Keep warm in a water-repellent cotton coat, insulated throughout with Alpaca. By Zero King, about \$30. Kerchief printed with boys' names by Babé. Fur-trimmed boots of U. S. Rubber. For the early fall games, top a turtle neck sweater with one of the new shirt jackets, at right. Take your pick in the teen department of Official Headquarters Stores, page 82, or write in for where-to-buy information.



Water-repellent cotton shirt jacket with hood by Chrysler, about \$11. Hood extra. Wear it conspicuously belted. Fur booties are by Kay Kartzmar.

AT THE GAME



Wool shirt jackets, plaid or plain, to wear tucked in or hanging out. Wear them over heavy sweaters at the game. Left, by North Shore, about \$10. Right by Derby, about \$8. Colorful stitched sports flats by Cathay.

Plaid corduroy shirt-style jacket by Junior First, about \$11. All the turtle-neck sweaters on this page are from Ladyarn, and the Needlepoint hats are by Everitt.

Western-style corduroy shirt by Winston, about \$9, can be worn as tuck-in shirt or boxy jacket. All the string gloves by Wear Right, anklets by Le Roi.

More fashions on pages 44, 46, 66, and 70

Your CAREER in OFFICE WORK

If you use your head, and keep your office skills above par, you can be a real asset to the world that tends to business

By ELEANOR HITESHEW

IT'S a lucky day for business when you—and millions of others like you—decide on an office job as a career. Any busy businessman knows he'd have a rough time if it weren't for those efficient gals who take over his office every morning, handle the details, and see that the wheels keep rolling.

An ever-increasing number of girls figure that office work is just their dish. This choice is backed up by sturdy statistics, which keep rising like a temperature. Girls who give the office job set-up even a once-over-lightly look, quickly

discover that nine to five in an office (with occasional doses of over-time) has an impressive little list of things in its favor, one of them being that there are so many jobs to choose from—each an important little piece of what it takes to make an office tick as a whole.

Anyway, you're already sold, so hauling out the nicer things to be said for an office career is sort of like telling you you'll enjoy wearing nylons. But just on general principles we might as well run through some of the more outstanding attractions of office work.

1. An office job offers contact with people who are top-notch in their field.
2. There's no discrimination against women.
3. It gives you a chance to wiggle your way into businesses that are tough to crash in other capacities—important if you are fired with ambition to go places in one of the so-called glamour indus-



A receptionist needs tact-plus on her job. Her brush-off must be as sweet as her welcome.

- tries, for instance.
4. Office jobs are arranged step formation — as you're ready to handle more responsibility, it's there to handle, if you've proved yourself alert and responsible.
5. Office work can be completely satisfying in itself. But if you're the more eager-beaver type, an office job is very often the slickest kind of wedge to

executive positions.

6. There's less turnover than in lots of other fields. A first-rate office worker is usually slated to hold her job as long as she keeps on being first rate. And in many offices, the policy is to promote from within.

7. Business school training isn't lengthy or costly, and some office jobs can be had without biz school background.

Now that we've itemized that stuff, let's dissect the average office, job by job. Once you start pulling apart an organization, you discover as many positions as you
(Continued on page 58)

Take a letter, please! The alert secretary knows her shorthand and typing, and has answers to a hundred and one questions before the boss asks them!





Mail clerks don't read the letters, they route them to various departments. And some clerks, like those shown here, fill requests for the *Calling All Girls* leaflets you order.



It takes a heap o' listening to transcribe dictation from records. The know-how of office machines is taught in business courses, but sometimes you can pick it up at work.



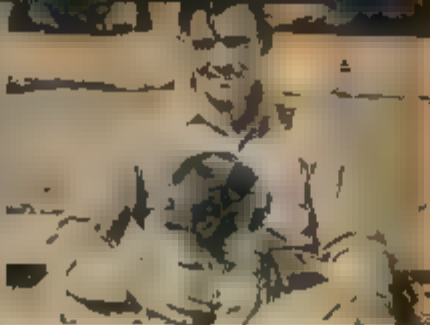
Biz training, if possible, to be a whiz at a bookkeeping machine like this, or the adding machines, mimeographs, multigraphs, and many others used in busy offices.



It helps to know your A B C's! Blessings from the boss—and the entire office—for those efficient file clerks who keep files in perfect order, and locate data in a flash.



No bees were ever busier than the people who keep a modern office humming. As for instance, in the offices where *Calling All Girls* is published and all these pictures taken.



REFUSED that would do better. Belongs to the Italian-American community in New York City. He advised him in the 1930s, he said, that he (Harris) had friends in the FBI who were surprised when he went to the FBI in 1940 to file an application for a passport. He said he has been a frequent visitor to the American Social Science in New York City in 1945. From that of distinguished socialist circles in Italy, he said, and European and American, and he has been a member of the American Social Science in New York City. He said he has been a member of the American Social Science in New York City. He said he has been a member of the American Social Science in New York City.

CLARK GABLE is a man to be reckoned with when you're making up your list of top favorites. The Army Air Corps told him that a year's find as a guinea about a photographic unit to England. Where he had made a captain and later a major. A hundred virtual nobles and blue bloods of the Air Force, exceptionally meritorious achievement. When he's making movies the prince of his world in the "War Period" of the 30s. It is now not driving a tractor and doing things, achieving a million times, and his old friends. It's the life time.

REMEMBER when Earlslong Station was the terminus of the Pennsylvania line at the peak of its popularity was down and the mail train failed to make out for a last-of-its-kind journey. Then it was a shameless lie that the Meridian Garage to the west of which the station was located in 1892, was built by the Pennsylvania line when the railroad was in its heyday. Earlslong passed the Meridian special street pole on the line running the German building up to the main, passenger line. The station is a fine example of the architecture of the late 19th century. It is a simple, but well built

Meet the ones who were some of Hollywood's top-notch stars until that fogle call broke into their acting careers. They're back now, and just wait until these

[illegible]

IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME

UNLESS you are a first-of-its-kind, very may have trouble recognizing these faces. Once they had been made known with a full roll of film. They are among the 100 pictures over a whole film, taken out for the road, in the past. And here are the 100 pictures taken who will have a new one during the film, as a series to do the film. They did it in the film.

[illegible]

During a later term, which lasted three years in the 1870's, and was in the tradition of the Whigs, George Lytton was seen to struggle in his policy. "It is a fine fight," Bismarck admitted.

Robert M. Smith served in the United States Army because of poor results of a traumatic skull and injuries to his eyes he worked as a clerk and a freight handler, and in 1945 he transferred to work for the physical education and he was again in Congress from 1950 to 1952.

Elroy was one of those who hadn't been discharged from his armed services at the end of said war's period.



My DEARST JOHNNY
Williamson Miller

[illegible]

WHEN you get Jimmy Stewart in the screen, one of those days, you'll probably find him the warm, all-arounding, capable, likable man before the war. Elia Kazan set this out very vividly in his recent biography of the Army Air captain. He went to us as a private,

44. Was hat er in der Hand?
 Er hält ein Glas Wasser.
 45. Was hat er in der Hand?
 Er hält ein Glas Wasser.
 46. Was hat er in der Hand?
 Er hält ein Glas Wasser.
 47. Was hat er in der Hand?
 Er hält ein Glas Wasser.
 48. Was hat er in der Hand?
 Er hält ein Glas Wasser.
 49. Was hat er in der Hand?
 Er hält ein Glas Wasser.
 50. Was hat er in der Hand?
 Er hält ein Glas Wasser.





REMEMBER that smile at left? Belongs to one Robert Montgomery, no less. His fans, who adored him in playboy roles, gasped a little, but his friends weren't a bit surprised when he went to France in 1940 to drive an ambulance. Chased out of Paris by the Nazis, he became a lieutenant in the American Naval Reserve in Italy in 1941. Four years of distinguished combat service in South Pacific and European war zones, and it was Lieutenant Commander Montgomery before he was discharged. The fan line forms on the right.

IT'S BEEN A LONG,

UNLESS you're a teen-old-timer, you may have trouble recognizing these faces. Once they had fans going around with a ruff-ruff roar. They are among the box-office favorites who've taken time out for real-life heroics. And there are others, not pictured here, who will have a hard time finding movie roles to equal in daring the jobs they did in the Service.

If Wayne Morris had single-handedly sunk a boat on the screen, some people would have snorted. But he did just that in the Pacific.

Sophisticated, breezy David Niven was one of the first to go to war. He was in one of the first squads of commandos, then was assigned to the highly secret Phantom Reconnaissance Regiment. For three years he was in command of "A" Squadron of the Phantoms, at one time serving directly under British Marshal Montgomery. For a while he was attached to General Eisenhower's staff. Besides his many British decorations, he was awarded the American Legion of Merit—a rare honor which has been given to only twenty-five members of the British armed forces. When discharged, he was a full colonel.

Among other stars who served overseas are Victor Mature, Mickey Rooney, George Montgomery, Brod Crawford, and Robert Preston.

Dancing Cesar Romero served three years in the Coast Guard, and was in on the invasion of the Marianas. Gene Raymond was sent to England as Intelligence Officer of the Eighth Bomber Command.

Some, like Ronald Reagan, Donald O'Connor, Guy Madison, Robert Ryan, Robert Taylor, Lon McCallister, and William Holden, spent most of their time stationed right here in the United States.

Robert Mitchum served in two capacities. First rejected by the Army because of after-results of a fractured skull and injuries to his eyes, he worked for Lockheed as a drop-hammer operator. Later the draft board overlooked his physical disabilities and he was sent to Camp Roberts for eight months.

Jeffrey Lynn is one of those who hasn't been discharged from the armed services at the time this issue goes to press.

Their fans and will-be fans are all set to give all of the returning stars a big welcome when they appear on the screen again.



HENRY FONDA'S back from duty on the high seas, and that's something to cheer about. He attained the rank of lieutenant, and won a Presidential Citation, and the Bronze Star. And he got 'em all the hard way. In 1942 he donned bell-bottom trousers and started scrubbing decks. But Air Combat Intelligence claimed him, and as soon as his training in that field was finished, he went overseas. His first-hand knowledge of the Central Pacific and the Marianas won't count in the movies, but he'll get along! This time he's starting right at the top.

CLARK GABLE is a name to be reckoned with when you're making up your list of top favorites. The Army Air Corps had him for a few years, first as a gunner, then in a photographic unit in England, where he was made a captain and later a major. Five bomber combat missions won him the Air Medal for "exceptionally meritorious achievement." When he isn't making movies, he relaxes at his ranch in the San Fernando Valley—that is, if you can call driving a tractor and doing chores relaxing. It suits Gable, and his dog thinks it's the life, too.

Meet the men who were some of Hollywood's top-notch stars until that bugle call broke into their acting careers. They're back now, and just you watch them!

LONG TIME

By **MARY JORDAN**
Hollywood Editor



TALL, dark, and handsome Tyrone Power enlisted as a private in the Marines back in 1942. But you can't keep a man with over two thousand hours of flying time on the ground. (Yes, that's what Tyrone had rolled up in a private plane before the war started.) So he was assigned to flight training, and finally became a first lieutenant in the Marine Transport Command. Some of his flying for Uncle Sam was done from Kwajalein, Saipan, and Kyushu, where he was stationed during many months overseas. And Tokyo was one of his destinations! Now he's a civilian again, going places in the movies—and the sky is still the limit.

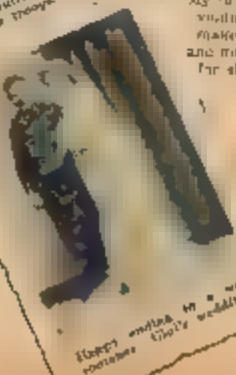
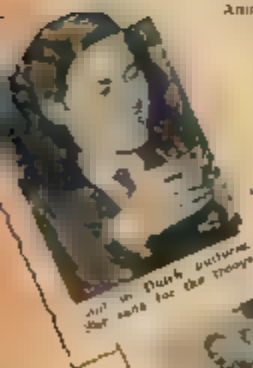
REMEMBER when Sterling Hayden was the swoonsation? Probably not. At the peak of his career, sea fever set in, and he bolted Hollywood for a life on the ocean waves. First it was a schooner, then the Merchant Marine, in those difficult days when supplies had to be got to besieged England. But when we entered the war, Sterling joined the Marines. He was made a lieutenant and given special secret jobs to do, like running the German blockade off Dalmatia, parachuting into Yugoslavia, or getting supplies to Tito's army. His return to Hollywood is a surprise—a mighty nice one.

HERE'S a face that will be new to many of you. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., dropped out of the movies before the war to carry out special missions for President Roosevelt in many South American countries. Early in 1941 he became a lieutenant in the Navy. His unit was a commando type, landing in advance of the main forces on many of the hardest-fought beachheads of the war. That's just the kind of tough, dangerous job he'd glory in. His long list of citations—he has the Silver Star, British Distinguished Service Cross, French Legion of Honor, and French Croix de Guerre, among others—and the fact that he rose to the rank of a full commander, prove the role was perfect.

AND here's a romantic-looking chap who hasn't been seen around for a few years. Richard Greene is British, in case you've forgotten or never knew. That's why, when England was hard hit during the early years of the war, he just had to get into that scrap and help her. He enlisted in the Royal Armoured Corps with the Twenty-seventh Lancers. Sounds romantic, doesn't it? But rugged is a better word for it. He worked his way up from private to captain, and saw service in France, Holland, and Belgium. But even when he was given a medical discharge in 1944, he kept right on going with a theatrical unit, touring the liberated countries. Then it was back to Hollywood, where he's busy making movies again.

WHEN you see Jimmy Stewart on the screen one of these days, you'll probably find him the same slow-talking, amiable fellow he was before the war. But don't let that fool you. Lieutenant Colonel Stewart of the Army Air Corps (He went in as a private in 1941.) was one of the fightin'est of Hollywood's warriors. He knew a lot about flying before he joined up, so the Army set him to training Flying Fortress pilots, then sent him overseas to practice what he preached. He led his bombing squadrons on tough air raids and won the Distinguished Flying Cross. Now he's back to cop some distinguished acting honors.





Evreux, The Netherlands
1940

ሥራዊት ሲገባ

Amirgiz

After receiving your letter I was very enjoyed. I like to write to girls in
Africa gave eight got girls in American, one in Asia, one in New Zealand.

[illegible]

33, age is fifteen. My birthday is the 21st of February. Please tell me when your birthday is. I am from a province of Russia with city Ing. Nelly. You are the back of my house in the garden.

A clinical aim in the second grade is the high school. Following year I think it may reach. I really must see I can play piano. I have my to some of my attention. Have a big one. Also have a little and a number of other things I can do.

all the instructions. My sister and I, along with Jess, nearly ran away for the cattle and we had much success. This week we are going up the canyon with a

My father is first lieutenant in the 1st. He is in the picket line in
voluntarily. He is in the morning and in the evening. Sunday is
his day off.

and mind: *folly* will live a pain in *My* sister was in *new* when I was.

Here is a large town. There are many factories, cinemas, clubs.

with middle class, rich, and so on. We have a military
intervention. We have a very big debt. We have more in-
vestments in the economy than in the past, but we have a very

card of it. Please send me your pleasure and we will get you
Your friend,

670

Dear China

Some weeks ago I got your letter. It was very good
 & I hear from you. You are looking very nice in your
 picture and send me. I like that well with me. I like

Handwritten notes on the left margin of the page:

Handwritten notes on the left margin of the page:

Handwritten notes on the left margin of the page:

DEAR PEN PAL

In *Œtli de Nierck's letters from the Netherlands to her friend, Dona, in Massachusetts, you'll find a thrilling account of six exciting years*

[illegible]

I give you my best wishes and also to your family. From your Dutch Island.
Glad

Aug 1st Sept 1941

4448 Dyma

1 got your letter yesterday evening. What a very nice valent'ine you sent
me. I was very glad. Hope to be able to write you soon. I don't know a German
word. I hope you will be able to help me. I am very glad to hear from you.
I am glad to hear from you. I am glad to hear from you. I am glad to hear from you.

Q Now, back these days in your country, are you proud to be a citizen of
 Quito? He changed his face. Some were of modeled things now, but was
 very pretty. I made large heads and other things.

on winter we have had very good weather. I saw 10 and 1 did an
ananas myself very much and also in that the very dark. There
was a very good one, but at night we had a good one. I was

an epidemic of grip was, the list of soldiers were not all sent I was
||

March we had exams and passed them all. Now in
May still busy with prep we start and will have school

and a lot of home in a car, I mean in household. And
I'm not sure and I'm not sure in telephone office.

with an idea and very happy at today
 like a good something but not in the box after and

that we could do something but that in the past years when
and a home it will be some. I shall send you a note

I will only tell you that we all are very well and hope

Your Dutch Friend
Gini de Klerk

Continued on page 53

Որոշ Վ-Լառն. Հիմերթյեւ-Վ.
Իսկ ոտք ցարմանակուն : ԲՆԳԱ



Breda, The Netherlands
1940



Gini is fifteen in this picture with her dog, Nelly.

Dear Dona,

When I received your letter I was very enjoyed. I like to write to girls in America. I have eight [pen pals] in America, one in Australia, and one in New Zealand. . .

My father is an official for the taxes in Breda. I have a sister, named Glenny. She is eighteen years old. My grandfather and grandmother live in our house, too. We all like animals. We have a tortoise, we called it "Paddeltje," for it paddles with its legs. In Dutch we write it other than you. Then my father has thirty-five canary birds and I have a little black dog named "Nelly." She is seven years old.

My age is fifteen. My birthday is on the 20th of February. Please tell me when your birthday is. I enclose a picture of myself with my dog Nelly. You see the back of my house in the picture.

At school I am in the second grade at the high school. Followed year I must do my exam. I study music, too. I can play piano. I have my lessons in study accordion. I have a big one. I also have a flute and a mouth organ. I can play all this instruments. My sister and I sing. Last year in July we sang for the radio and we had much success. This week we must sing for the city militia.

My father is first lieutenant of this. He is this for his pleasure. It is voluntary. But it only is on Sunday and in the evenings. Sunday they make marches. . . My hobbies are dancing, swimming, walking, singing, and music. My mother is an actress. My sister was it. Now she is not for she is working in a large shop and so she has no time. When I am older I may also play in a play.

Breda is a large town. There are many factories: cotton mills, silk, chocolate, stoves, sugar, and so on. We have a military university. We have a very nice church. We have more ones, but this is the principal church. In next letter I shall do a fine card of it. Please send me your picture and write back soon.

Your friend,
Gini

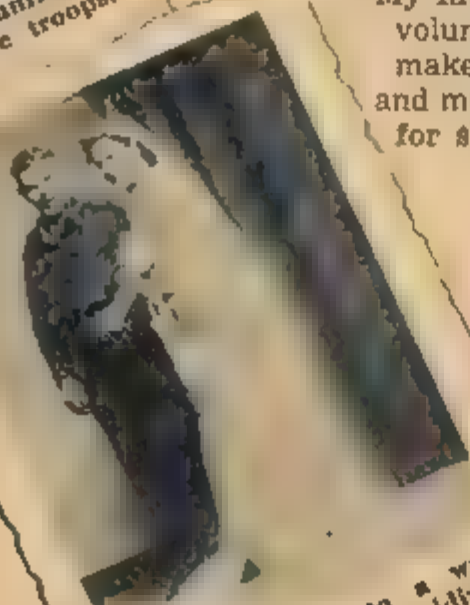
November 24, 1940

Dear Dona,

Some weeks ago I got your letter and was very glad to hear from you. You are looking very nice on that picture you sent me. I did not write you quickly, but



Gini in Dutch uniform. She sang for the troops.



Happy ending to a war romance. Gini's wedding.

DEAR PEN PAL

**In Gini de Klerk's letters from the Netherlands to
her friend, Dona, in Massachusetts, you'll find a true,
thrilling account of six exciting years**

I have not had time to write to you. I have to do much for my homework of school. I'm working for my exam now. But I always shall write to you. We all are well here and I hope you are well too. I must sing in a cowboy band with a girl of my form. We are dressed like cowboys. It is a very nice band. When I have a picture of us I shall send you it. We have large hats, pistols, knives. . . . On my summer holidays I was in Zeeland (one of our provinces). It was a nice vacation. Do you know the Scheldt? There I swam. It's a deep river. . . . Of my father's birds, ten have left. They had a contagious illness and died nearly all. . . .

I give you my best wishes and also to your family From your Dutch friend,
Gini

April the first, 1941

Dear Dona,

. . . I got your letter yesterday evening. What a very nice Valentine you sent me. I think it very cute. Here in the Netherlands we don't know a Valentine day. . . . I think those clubs in your school are very pretty Is it difficult to make the things as you do? Some years ago I modeled things and that was very pretty. I made faces, heads, and other things. . . .

In winter we have had very good weather to skate to and I did so I amused myself very much and practiced in skating very quick. Here an epidemic of grip was, too, but the schools were not closed. I was ill, too. . . .

In March we had exams and I passed them all. Now in Mai and July I must pass my exam and then I leave school and stay at home for a year to learn the household. And then I am seventeen and go to the telephone office.

I wish you have a nice and very happy birthday. I liked to send you something, but man in the post office said that we could not send parcels. But when the war is over—and I hope it will be soon—I shall send you a cute birthday present.

I will only tell you that we all are very well and alive.

Your Dutch friend,
Gini de Klerk

(Continued on page 52)



Dona Nelson, seventeen,
in her graduation dress.



IF YOU'VE always felt that football is a boys' game, you've been missing lots of fun and excitement. Girls can play the gridiron game with all its thrills of speedy dodging, long passes and leaping catches, and courageous defensive play.

Of course tackling is not for ladies and that part of the game will be eliminated for members of the fair sex. In place of the tackle we substitute the one- or two-hand touch, and presto!—touch football. As soon as you have touched the opponent who has the ball, the play ends—no rolling on the ground, no bumps or bruises, but plenty of action!

We said that the touch could be with one or two hands. That depends upon which type the teams prefer. It's harder to tag an opponent with two hands than with one and if you want a high-scoring game you'll choose one-hand touch—otherwise you're a two-hand toucher.

The most recommended touch football game for girls is called "association." In association, play begins with one team throwing the ball to the other.

It's *Touch*... or GOAL!

Grieve no more, you gals who have always wanted to play football. Touch football is a fast, exciting game, and it's all yours!

By ARTHUR D. MORSE

Left—A snappy center all set to snap the ball back in an advanced game.

Below—A man's a help when it comes to explaining things like a double reverse, Husky Bill Leavitt, University of Miami football center, coaches one group of co-eds in the touch system.



The team receiving the ball tries to run and pass it back over the goal line of the team that "threw off."

A touchdown counts six points. There's only one other way to score points—it's called a "touchback." You score a touchback when you trap the opposing ball-carrier behind her own goal. When you tag her behind that line, you earn two points for your team.

Remember that it's better to be tagged behind your goal-line and lose two points than to throw the ball wildly to an opponent who can score six points for her team by crossing your goal line.

In association, you're permitted to pass the ball from any position, while you're running or standing still. You can throw the ball to any member of your team and it can be tossed forward, backward, or to a player alongside of you. The play continues until a rival player touches the girl with the ball. The touch should not be a shove or a push, but just a light touch. In association, when your team's play has been stopped by a touch, the ball is "down" at that point and you then throw off to the other team from that spot. Now it's their turn to run and pass toward your goal line. In association, no blocking, that is no body contact, is permitted, and all the excitement of the game depends upon running and passing.

To become a good runner, you must be in good condition and have lots of stamina. You can trick opponents by running fast, stopping suddenly, and stepping to one side. Run with knees high and feet wide and learn how to pivot on the balls of your feet.

If you have large hands, you should grip the ball when you pass it. If your hands are small, just lay the ball on your open hand, with your fingertips touching the stitches. Pass the ball from shoulder height and after a few practice throws you'll find that the ball spirals cleanly through the air and doesn't wobble.

After you've mastered association, and have equipment and coaching like the college girls in the pictures, you can learn other varieties of what's rapidly becoming one of America's favorite games—touch football.

But the opposing team goes into a huddle with a handsome Miami varsity end, Vic Nell, and may the best team win! If your touch football team needs some pointers, why not ask some of those heroes on your school football squad to prove their chivalry and coach you in the fundamentals?



Jeepers, how that gal can jump! For sure-fire scoring, your team is going to need some upstanding girls who are tall enough to reach the ball. And in both passing and receiving, speed is important. *International News Photos*

COLLECTORS' CORNER

By MAXINE LIVINGSTON, Decorating Editor

Here are some new twists on an old hobby. If you're not already a collector, you're missing lots of fun

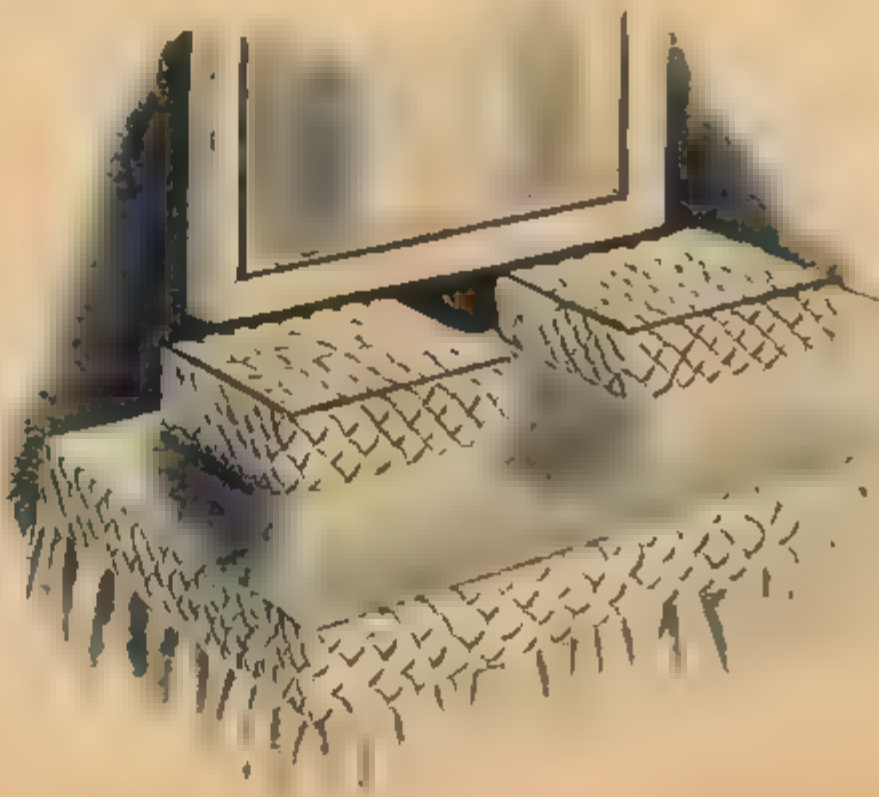
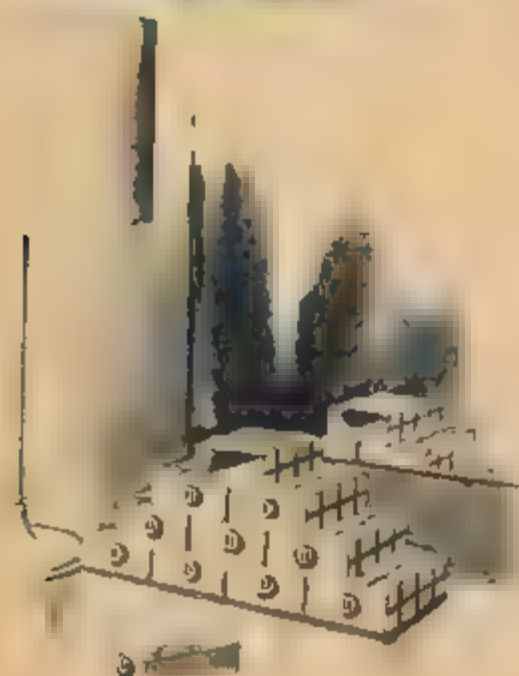


EVERYBODY wants to get into the act—and why not, when collecting is so much fun. It's not only what you save but the way you save it. Whether your particular collecting "bug" is match packs, playbills, buttons, books, sweaters, snapshots, beads, or bric-a-brac, there are any number of attractive ways, ranging from glamorized cigar boxes to untenanted bird cages, to keep and display your treasures. Here are some suggestions that are easy and inexpensive to follow. We couldn't include every collector's hobby, but this should give you some ideas.

Left—Schoolbooks are back and you've got 'em! If you've been caught without enough bookshelves, it's easy to make a bookcase like this in a very few minutes and with practically no inroads on your allowance. Stacked bricks—beautified with paint—support the shelves; make sure the bricks stack steadily enough to support the weight of your books.

Left, below—Here's an idea to strike your fancy. Cover a number of empty matchboxes with wallpaper or paint, attach tricky buttons as drawer-pulls, and paste the boxes together in pyramid fashion. A wonderful place for storing your earrings, barrettes, or other small trinkets.

Right, below—Your Father's Day gift comes home to roost. These twin beauties are really cigar boxes, covered in quilted chints (use any fabric you have), and lined with shelf paper which can be changed easily when it becomes soiled. Keep gloves in one box, hankies in the other.



Right—For variety, plant a slip of Philodendron or Chinese evergreen inside a brightly-painted bird cage. Lovely green leaves will be shooting out between the bars in three-quarter time.



Above—The Army was never like this! Look what a coat of paint and some heavenly artwork can do for a somber old foot locker. Perfect storage space for sports equipment, camp togs.



Left—Mail from that certain male rates a roomy storage space, and what could be better for the purpose than a real mailbox? Or here's the perfect spot for your stationery, back issues of *Calling All Girls*, or school newspapers.

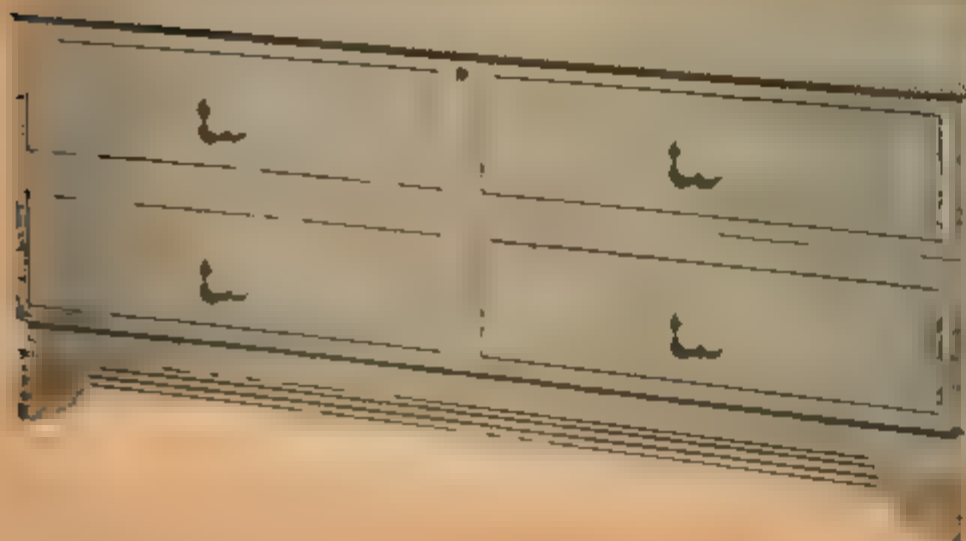


Left—Do justice to your prettiest perfume and cologne bottles or your figurine collection. It's easy to make a shadow box from an old picture frame, a mirror, and several pieces of wood. Paint frame lighter than the inside and decorate with ready-pasted Trimz borders or Peter Hunt designs.

Right—Something new has been added. A piece of bright-colored butcher or linen tacked to your bulletin board with a border of buttons sewed around the edges for trim, provides a fine place to display your pins and other gadgets. Use cup hooks for holding beads and bracelets.



Below—Hope chests spring eternal! Grand now and in college for protecting your precious sweaters and woolies. Later you'll cache away linens and towels in preparation for that certain day. There's a Bluebird cedar chest to suit your room.



Above—Do you save picture post cards, theater programs, travel folders, dance cards? Store them tidily in an accordion folder which you can buy in a stationery store, or make by punching holes in a number of file folders and tying them together. Let your hobby be your guide here.

Below—How dear to your hearts are the scenes of your teenhood, and what better way to recall them than through snapshots. For ready reference, keep pictures and negatives neatly filed in a fairly deep candy or stationery box.



The YORKTOWN YOUNGER SET

The boys wanted to teach Rodney a proper respect for ghosts. But man-made plans are seldom ghost-proof—or girl-proof

By BLAKE GILPIN ROWMAN

W ALL and Chip walked together down the village streets at night, and the boys were talking up the ghost of the old man who had lived in the house for many years.

"He was a very old man," said Chip, "and he was a very old man." "He was a very old man," said Chip, "and he was a very old man."

Wally looked at the back of Chip's head and saw that he was a very old man.

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Wally looked at the back of Chip's head and saw that he was a very old man.

The doorknob never takes for granted that the boys are not a ghost, and the boys are not a ghost.

Wally looked at the back of Chip's head and saw that he was a very old man.

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sullen and downtrodden silence.

"Jeepers," Chip finally said.

"You said it," said Wally. "Sometimes I wonder why I put up with Nan," he went on, "except that she's my sister and I can't very well get away from her. But that still doesn't explain why we put up with Holly."

"She never gets away from Nan."

"Which is probably the last word on the subject. Say!" Wally grabbed Chip's arm. "Isn't that the subject of our latest female dissertation sitting on the steps over there?"

"Yeah," answered Chip, "with his nose in a book where it is undoubtedly glued by now."

"Why don't we go over and find out wherein he has so much more of the Wilde influence over the femmes than we have?"

Rodney looked up absent-mindedly as Chip and Wally closed in on him and then smiled warmly as he recognized them.

"Hi," he said.

"Now, there's an intelligent remark," Chip mumbled.

"What did you say?" Rodney asked

"I said, 'Now, there's an interesting re-looking book,'" he ended lamely.

"It's the best," Rodney closed the book on his finger and patted the binding fondly.

"Washington Irving. Someday I'm going to write stories that live like his do, I hope. There's a man who really had something."

"Huh?" said Wally. "What did he have?"

"Vividness, a gift of words, smoothness, suspense, timing, and, best of all, imagination."

"Imagination, huh," contributed Chip. "How do you figure that?"

"Can there be any doubt about it?" cried Rodney. "Take 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.' Just imagine thinking up a plot about a headless horseman who bedeviled the countryside. I mean, a headless horseman isn't such a common-

place article that you'd just naturally incorporate him into a story."

"Why not?" said Chip. "He probably just saw this lop-topped rider and used him in a story. That doesn't take any imagination. He just put down what he saw."

"But . . ." began Rodney.

"But nothing," Chip hurried on. "Headless horsemen aren't so rare. It's not as if it were a headless woman who wandered about. Now, there's a story, but it doesn't take any imagination. All you have to do is to look at her."

"What are you talking about?"

"You mean to say you haven't heard about the headless woman of Yorktown. Gosh, I thought you knew *everything*!"

Rodney smiled indulgently but Chip was too wound up to notice. Wally was speechless. He stared at Chip with his eyes popping, but he didn't manage to utter a word to interrupt.

"But, of course," Chip rushed on, "I forgot you were a stranger in town. Well, it seems there was this gal who was very much in love with Old Man Winship back when Old Man Winship was a young man. Seems she lost her head over Old Man W. Yeah, that's the way the story goes;

she just completely lost her head."

"You don't say," Rodney said politely as Chip paused.

"She comes back every Hallowe'en night and looks around the old Winship place. You might like to go out and see her, especially since tomorrow happens to be Hallowe'en. That is, if you're not afraid of old headless women," Chip invited with his most winning grin.

"I think it might be very interesting," Rodney answered.

"Fine. Then it's a date." Dragging the still speechless Wally with him, Chip started down the steps. "We'll pick you up about nine tomorrow night."

"I'll be ready," Rodney called as they walked on down the sidewalk. "Pumpkin head," he muttered after them.

Chip started to turn back beligerently. "What did he call me?"

"Never mind that." Wally jerked him back in line. "What I want to know is what are these turns you've been calling?"

"Got you confused, huh?" Chip chuckled. "I thought that was a pretty good spiel I spilled."

"The only trouble with it is that you have to live up to it. Remember, you made a date for a showing of this decapitated wonder tomorrow night. May I ask in a faintly curious way how you expect to work your way out of this one?"

"Elementary, my dear Wallace, elementary. Come with me." Chip led Wally up the steps of the Teen Town. "This way," he said, racing to the top floor.

He opened the attic door and fumbled in the dark for a few seconds before he found the overhead light. They stood in the midst of the dusty debris of by-gone families. Chip turned and pointed proudly toward the corner.

"What do you see there, m'friend?" he asked.

Wally looked doubtfully into the corner. (Continued on page 61)



"Isn't there something else you can put under 'hobby' besides 'dating boys?'"



TEAM PLAY

Win or lose, on the field
or in the bleachers, your sporting
ways add up the score.
By MARTHA ROSS

RUGGED individualism may be your forte. You may wear your hair and your skirts the length you want them regardless of the dictates of fashion. You may hold out for the classics and spurn the fads. You may be justly proud of going your own way and refusing to be one of the herd, acting about feeling no kinship to the sheep. In fact, this daring-to-be-different earns you laurels and you find that people speak admiringly of your having the courage of your convictions. We're all for it. It's refreshing and encouraging to know a girl who has a mind of her own. But it's another matter altogether when she lets it go to her head.

A place for everything and everything in its place applies to your individualism, too. The time comes when you have to buckle under, obey all the rules, do as you're told, and forget about shining as a lone star. That's when you're a member of a team.

When you go out for a team, try to go all out in cooperation. It doesn't matter much whether captaincies and positions of title of the team are decided by election or by appointment of the gym coach. It does matter that you accept the decisions in good grace. There can be only one person in each spot and let's hope the best girl wins. However, the girl deserves a chance to prove they are the best. They can only do that if they have everyone pulling with them.

Teamwork doesn't. (Continued on page 33)



YOUR FOOD BECOMES YOU



IT has been said that you are what you eat.

Which doesn't mean that you may be a cold potato or a meat

ball, but that your daily food has a great, great deal to do with both health and good looks. You've probably had plenty of "nutrition" taught you in school—to the point of boredom, shall we say? But you will do well to review some of the essentials, from the standpoint of your own good looks.

Of course you want a clear complexion, white, even teeth, bright eyes, lively hair, strong nails, and a trim figure. Those are the externals that come from sound bone structure, steady nerves, firm tissue, and good blood—produced, in large part, by your nourishing food, properly chosen and prepared, and eaten in the right quantities for your age and activities. On the opposite page you will find a basic daily essential food program. We do mean essential. It will serve as a check list to be sure that you are eating for good looks *every* day.

At the very top of the list is MILK, in large letters—at least a quart of it a day. Wait a minute! Milk is *not* "baby stuff." It contains some of nearly all the most important food values—protein, vitamins A, B₁, B₂, and—this is especially important—calcium which you must have for strong bones, teeth, and nails. You don't need to have your quart of milk a day by the tumblerful, though you should drink some of it straight. If your weight is normal or subnormal, you may have part of it in cream soups, ice cream, milk drinks, cheese, as cream on

cereal or fruit. And if you happen to go a bit over the quart, that's all to the good.

On the "daily essential food" list, besides milk and milk products, you'll find meat, fish or poultry, eggs, green and yellow vegetables, fruit, cereal and bread (whole-grain or "enriched"), butter or vitamin-reinforced oleomargarine, and potatoes. Every one of these foods is needed to make the most of your looks. You will notice, perhaps ruefully, that there is no mention of sodas, pies, pastries, or rich gravy. A limited quantity of sweets is desirable, to give you abundant energy, and body heat in cold weather. However, any considerable amount of sweet food has two bad effects. It satisfies your hunger and spoils your appetite for the essential foods, and an oversupply of sugar will store itself in the body and become fat.

While we are on the subject of fat, a word for you teeners who are too hefty. Fortunately for our health, a pleasing roundness is the current standard of figure beauty.

If you are more than a few pounds on the plus side and bulge unattractively here and there or all over, it's probably due to inactivity or overeating. As most teeners are plenty active, it comes down, most likely, to your eating habits. Do you consume lots of sweets, especially between meals? Do you go heavy on the rich, starchy, or fatty foods, and light on the salads, vegetables, and fruits? If, in your opinion, you eat sensibly and have moderate, well-balanced meals, get lots of outdoor exercise, and are still really pudgy, it is advisable to consult your doctor about it. If it's a real reducing diet you're



The Essential Foods for Teen-agers for Every Day

- 1 quart of milk
- 1 serving of meat, fish, or poultry—at least once a week, a good portion of liver
- 2 eggs, or 1 egg plus an extra serving of meat or fish. Or 1 egg plus a serving of cheese
- 1 serving of potato
- 2 big servings of vegetables, one of them "leafy" (Green salad may be counted as the leafy one)
- 2 fruits, one of them citrus
- 1 serving of cereal, whole grain or enriched
- 16 slices of bread, whole grain or enriched (Muffins or rolls may be substituted for some of these, each small one counting about the same as a slice of bread.)
- 3-4 pats of butter or margarine
- 6-8 glasses of water

And that's no pun! Your food does become you, and if it is the proper food, it's most becoming to you

By LOUISE CARLISLE, Good Looks Editor

after, a doctor's advice is a must. However, if your innermost conscience tells you that your eating habits are probably at fault, your consumption of food should be reduced to help you slim. BUT you must still eat the basic, essential foods daily. Milk in itself is not fattening and you need your full quart every day. However, you should take it in the form of plain whole milk, skim milk, or buttermilk rather than as cream, ice cream, sodas, sweetened desserts, or rich soups. Among the cheeses, choose those made from skim milk, like cottage cheese. Eat substantially less of the fattening foods such as potatoes, rich, macaroni products, fat meats or fish (pork or mackerel, for example), nuts, and sweets. Take generous servings of leafy green vegetables, lean meat, fruits, especially citrus fruits. If you really feel cavernous between meals, eat a little fruit, nibble a raw carrot, or drink a glass of tomato juice. Drink plenty of water.

For thin gals, the treatment starts with the same basic *musts*, but you eat more of everything. For you, the creamy "floats," the cream and sugar on your cereal, the double portion of butter or margarine on your bread and vegetables, the thick soups, and the extra eggs and glasses of whole milk. While you have more leeway about eating candy and other sweets, it is recommended that you eat these after meals, so that you have plenty of appetite for big servings of the essentials. And extra hours of rest will help you add desired curves.

It all adds up to this—by eating wisely and well you can serve yourself an extra portion of good looks at every meal!

(All servings of the basic foods should be as generous as your appetite dictates, unless you're overweight. Don't do any snacking till you've had all these daily essentials first.) Here's an ideal day's menu for a high-school girl:

Breakfast

- Juice of 1 or 2 oranges
- Medium-sized bowl of cereal with top milk (with a light sprinkling of sugar, if you insist)
- 1 egg, scrambled, with 2 slices of crisp bacon
- 1 or 2 pieces of whole-wheat toast, with butter or margarine
- Large glass of milk, or cup of cocoa (not too rich or sweet)

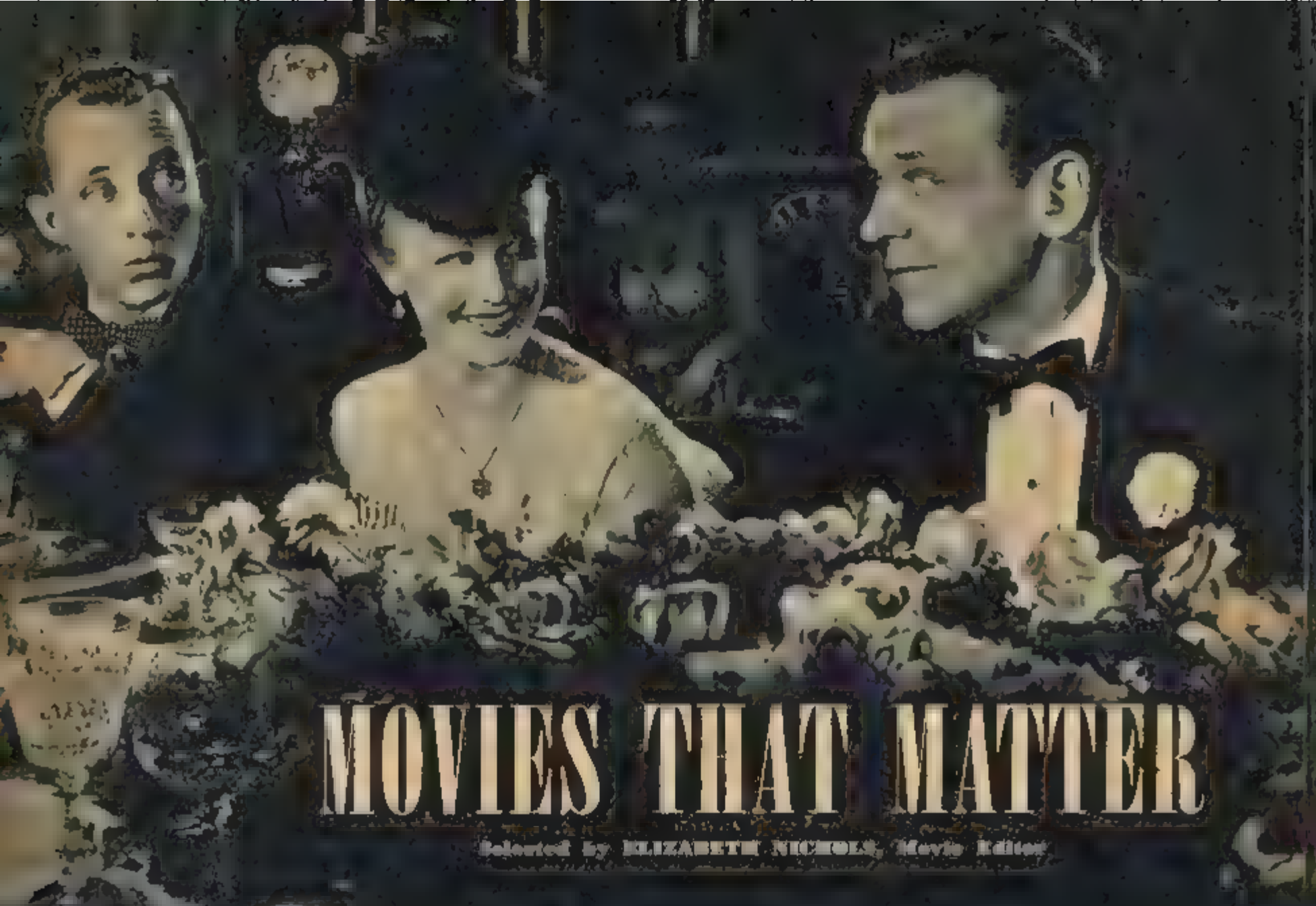
Lunch—to take to school

- Chopped chicken and celery sandwich on thinly sliced whole-wheat bread with dressing
- Cream cheese and jelly sandwich on thinly-sliced raisin bread
- An apple, pear, or other raw fruit
- 2 chocolate cookies, or small candy bar
- Glass of milk

Dinner

- Tomato juice
- Broiled chopped beef
- Baked potato with butter and chives
- String beans
- Cole slaw on lettuce
- Whole-wheat bread and butter or vitamin-reinforced margarine
- Floating Island pudding
- Glass of milk
- At bedtime, an apple, or milk and a cookie.

LOGAN



MOVIES THAT MATTER

Selected by ELIZABETH NICHOLS, Movie Editor

THE SIN OF HAROLD DIDDLEBOCK (below) marks Harold Lloyd's redefining return to the screen after eight dreary-without-him years. During an unguarded moment, Lloyd buys a circus. When he decides to sell it to a bank president, he takes along a lion as bait. Lloyd's spunk-bobbed companion is Frances Ramsey, whom you've seen as a model. (U.A.)



I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU (below), a heartbreakingly beautiful love story in Technicolor, presents newcomers Catherine McLeod and William Carter. For the score, Arthur Rubinstein recorded Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto; plus music by Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, Mendelssohn. Also starred 16-year-old Vanessa Brown. (Rex)





HOLIDAY AT MIDCO Leads team of marketing technicians
 Musical introduces Roddy McElwain as a comedian and that
 he will be a star. Roddy has been a fool in a comedy world
 he has expected to come play tonight comedy. Being Roddy
 he will be a star. Roddy will play with the other stars. MGM



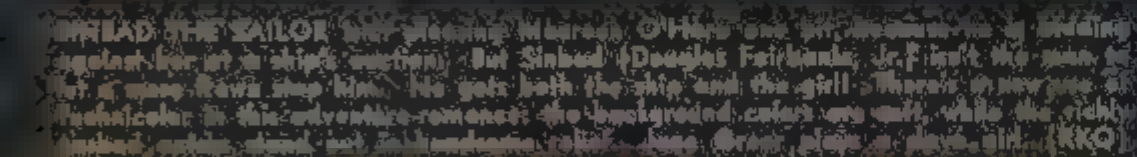
CLAUDIA AND DAVID meet, leaving MacLure and Robert alone and son Anthony Sydes. Dorothy, the actress with the problem-less film face, she requires no make-up, is being lashed and bitten by the green monster, looks just as ally as any jealous gold-digger. Howard Anthony, and father, a school teacher. 1291



BLUE SKIES (R) It's a Technicolor, screw King C. Ziegfeld, Oscar Goodman, Frank Sinatra. Although Sinatra has the majestic background of Irving Berlin's songs at the post-war cinema, it's Fred Astaire's dancing that really stars the show. Fred insists he isn't going to dance in the film again, so if you want to be able to compare Gene Kelly, Gene Kelly, and other younger dance stars with the old master of them, all you have to do is watch Fred when he's doing his difficult routines. Radio's Red Kopp Coming Out Like a Star will have him coming back for more than just General (Perry)



THREE WYCK FOOLS are the other small Margerit O'Brien who, from left to right, are Ruth May, and Jack and Betty Cook. Susan Barrymore, Louis Haux, and Edward Arnold are the creepy bookworm who try to steal Margerit's inheritance and who plot to destroy her belief in fairies. Margerit's grandfather had put a curse on the bookworms when she was a little girl to accomplish this she needs the help of Thomas Mitchell (shown with hat on the right) and the witchery of even legendary trick fairyland, paid for against Margaret's death, and a Barney Stinson to get her at a school. (MGM)



INSTEAD THE SAILOR WHO MEETS MURPHY O'HARA AND HIS BOATMEN is a young
guy out for a ship's company. But Sinbad (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) isn't the man to
let a wee Rona stop him. He gets both the ship and the girl. There's a new one of
Fairbanks in his adventure-romance: the background cues are soft, while the right
tuned notes stand out melodramatic riffs. Like *Crash* (1935), a ship and a girl. (KO)



IS for APPLE

Stuff 'em with goodness,
top 'em with glamour, pop 'em in the
oven, and they come out A Plus!

By JANE RICHARDS
Food Editor

JUNIOR
HOUSEKEEPING
DEPT.

THERE'S one bright spot on the food horizon—after a year of scarcity, apples are back. We've missed them—they've always

been our national favorite, and nothing else could quite take the place of the fancy flourish they can give to the end of a meal.

About half the people in the world think they're better baked. They're certainly more fun to fix that way—there are so many super tricks you can play in and around them. Here are some new ones to celebrate the favorite's return, not only to our tables, but to the top of the good dessert list.

Basic Treatment

You want a good firm apple such as a Jonathan or a McIntosh. Wipe and core one for each eater. It will sit more steadily if you pare the blossom end rather than the broader stem end. If you like the idea, you can also pare the apple about a quarter of the way down from the end. Now something in the way of sweetening and flavoring, chosen from the suggestions that follow. Then the apples go into the oven in a pan with water to cover the bottom, and stay there till they are tender. This may be anywhere from twenty minutes to forty, depending on the size and kind of the apple in the case. Sweet ones take

Firm apples, either sweet or tart, are good for baking. Roy Pinney Photo.

longer to bake than tart. You can tell when they're done by sticking one with a fork or a skewer—it should go all the way in easily. And for once, the temperature of the oven doesn't seem to matter. Some people bake them fast, some slow, and each is sure her own way is better. You might try both and see if you find any difference. While the apples are cooking, baste them three or four times by spooning over them the water from the pan. After they start to brown, look sharply because the tops burn easily. Serve hot or cold,

plain or topped with cream or soft custard.

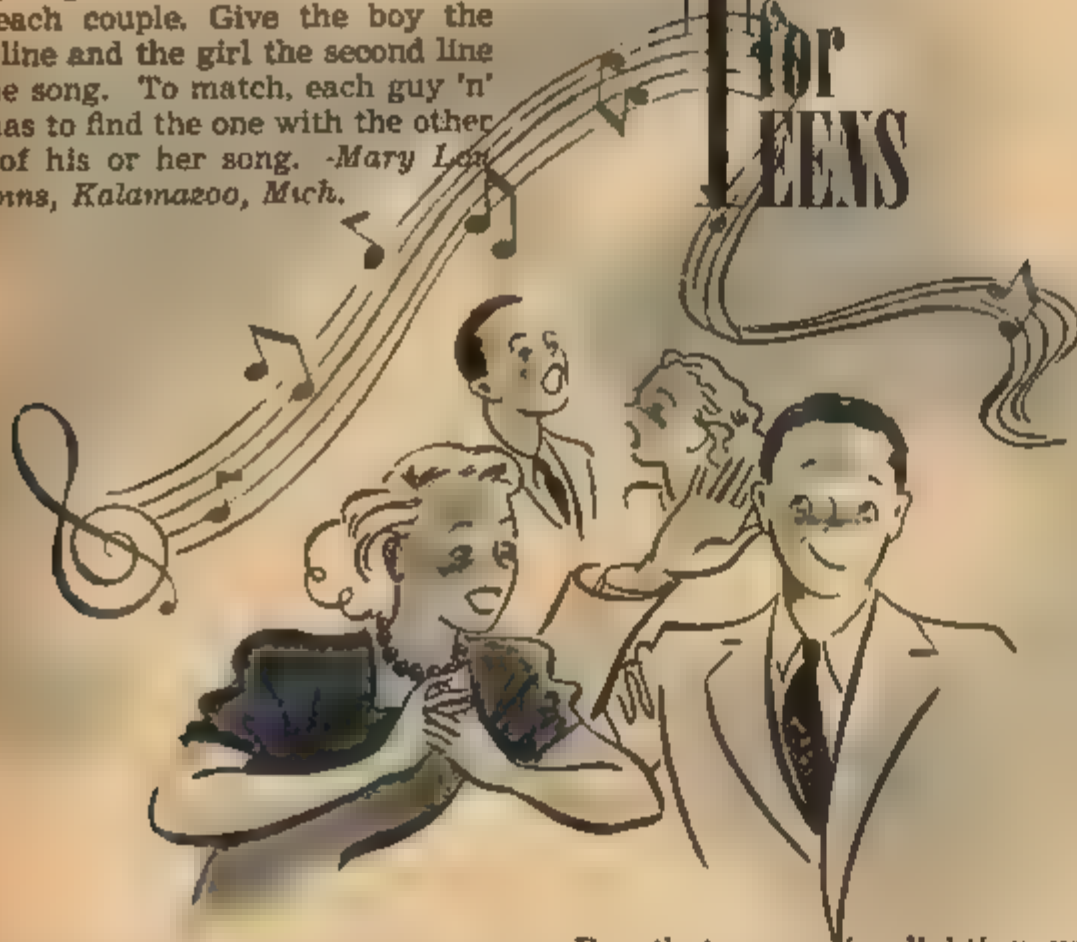
That's the basic business of baking an apple—now for the fun! You remember that hole left by the core when you scooped it out so neatly? Well, there was a reason for it. Here we go!

The Simplest Stuffing

For 4 apples, blend 4 tablespoons of brown sugar with 1 tablespoon of butter or margarine. Add a dash of cinnamon, a dash of nutmeg, maybe a drop of lemon
(Continued on page 64)



Party Patter—Pairing off your guests in a musical fashion keeps everybody in tune. Choose one song for each couple. Give the boy the first line and the girl the second line of the song. To match, each guy 'n' gal has to find the one with the other line of his or her song. —*Mary Lee Robbins, Kalamazoo, Mich.*



Personal charades are a fine ice-breaker. As your guests enter the door, hand each one a card with another guest's name on it. Then, when you are ready to play games, have each person present a two-minute take-off of the one whose name was written on the card. The actor's success depends on how quickly the others recognize the subject of the take-off. —*Rebecca Sadler, Petersburg, Va.*



Five by fives are the biggest and bestest bet for a "Measuring Party." If your club, church, or school has a gathering to raise money, have each guest's waist measured at the door, and charge a penny for each inch. It's a novel way to add to your profits and lots of fun for all. —*Helen Anderson, Afton, Va.*

TRICKS for TEENS

For that eery dim lighting you need at a Hallowe'en party, use black-out candles in the corners. They give just enough light to see by and still keep things as spooky as a witch's hide-out. —*Carole Bergerman, Beverly Hills, Calif.*

Funny papers have a place at this party. For a big laugh with lots of guessing, cut out the faces of characters from the funnies and paste them on cards that are to go in front of each plate at the table. If you choose the comics characters most in keeping with your guests' personalities, they'll have loads of laughs trying to figure out who everyone is. —*Marjorie Orr, Pigeon, Mich.*

Heel Highlights—Instead of putting silver thumbtacks on the heels of your wedgies, you'll arkle-sparkle even more by putting multi-colored thumbtacks on the heels of your shoes. Definitely eye-catching! —*Marilyn Bondurant, Bremen, Ind.*

Spice Scents—Instead of putting bath salts or perfumed cotton in the easy-to-make sachet, fill as many of the bags as you like with cloves, cinnamon, or pine needles. Cut out two pieces, two inches square, from any material that's handy, sew them together on three sides, fill with the spice, and sew up on top. —*Joan Thrasher, Amarillo, Texas.*



Poker Face—You may not be a card-sharple, but for a tricky lapel pin, take three poker chips and three face cards from a discarded deck of playing cards. Cut out the faces from the cards and paste them on the chips. Then stick a pin through the bow of a ribbon on which you have left long streamers. Attach the chips with scotch or adhesive tape to the ends of the ribbons, and pin the gadget on your lapel. You'll have a high score with this trick! —*Helen Albusche, Orleans, Calif.*



Twistabout—Fadder's shirt is here to stay as much as fadder's mustache. But to be really ahead of the times, wear the shirt buttoned up the back with the tails tied behind you. It's easy to be well-known this way if you embroider your first name on one shirttail and your last name on the other. —*Glenna Eagg, Clark Lake, Mich.*

\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We want new and different tricks. Every girl has bright ideas! What are yours? Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address: Tricks for Teens, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y. All entries become the property of Calling All Girls. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

JABBERWOCKY and JIVE

WELL! Put a razor in my hand and call me Mr. Peck. Here 'tis the month of weird women (witches, to you) and bubbling brews. Abracadabra—the secret can be told: the donut holes are used to stuff the macaroni.

DAFFYNISHES

C.A.R.—Cute and rugged.
Matilda Brown—Sick chick.
Feeble greeble—A drip.
Little Rabbit—A sort of drip.
Blizzard head—A blonde.
Bullfrog—Actor with a deep voice.
Cello—Actress with a deep voice.
Heathcliffe—Good-looking boy.

Scrooner—Guy who thinks he's a crooner.

Atomizer—A squirt or a drip.
Mooner—Guy who's got the blues.
Sun-tan jaunt—Trip south.
Echo—Say that again.
Patch-up—Be quiet.
I pass—No, thanks.
Sound off—Tell me all.
Hyper—Superlatively super.
Plush—In the money.
Period—Good-bye.
Van hunter—Gal who's looking for an O.A.O.
Ack ack—Oh, boy.
Reboberful—Wonderful.
Henny, henny—Hubba, hubba.

OLD RHYME, NEW TWIST
Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard of this before;
But have you heard she passed her plate
To have a little more?

MY WORD!

Double the talk and you triple the trouble, but who cares? Of course, you have to be a smoothie or the gang won't dig you when you make mountains (see what we mean on the left, below?) out of molehills (like those terms on the right):

Robert sox	Bobby sox
Non-workers	Loafers
Richard	Dickey
Vegetable coats	Pea jackets
Loud noises	Bangs (hair)
Untidy Josephs	Sloppy joes
Unhappy slacks	Blue jeans
Proletariat shirts	Peasant blouses

JABS IN JIVE

Breathes there a man with soul so dead who hasn't turned his head and said, "Ah, your fadder's mustache."

Has anyone told you how wonderful you are?

I don't believe they did.

Then where'd you get the idea?

TEEN TROUBLES

My mother's friends are simply green
With envy of the carefree teen.

Hearing them talk, I always cringe.
They think our life is one big binge!

We've parties (if they're not too late)
And dating (but who has a date?).

The Spa just flows with milk and honey.
(But my man's never in the money.)

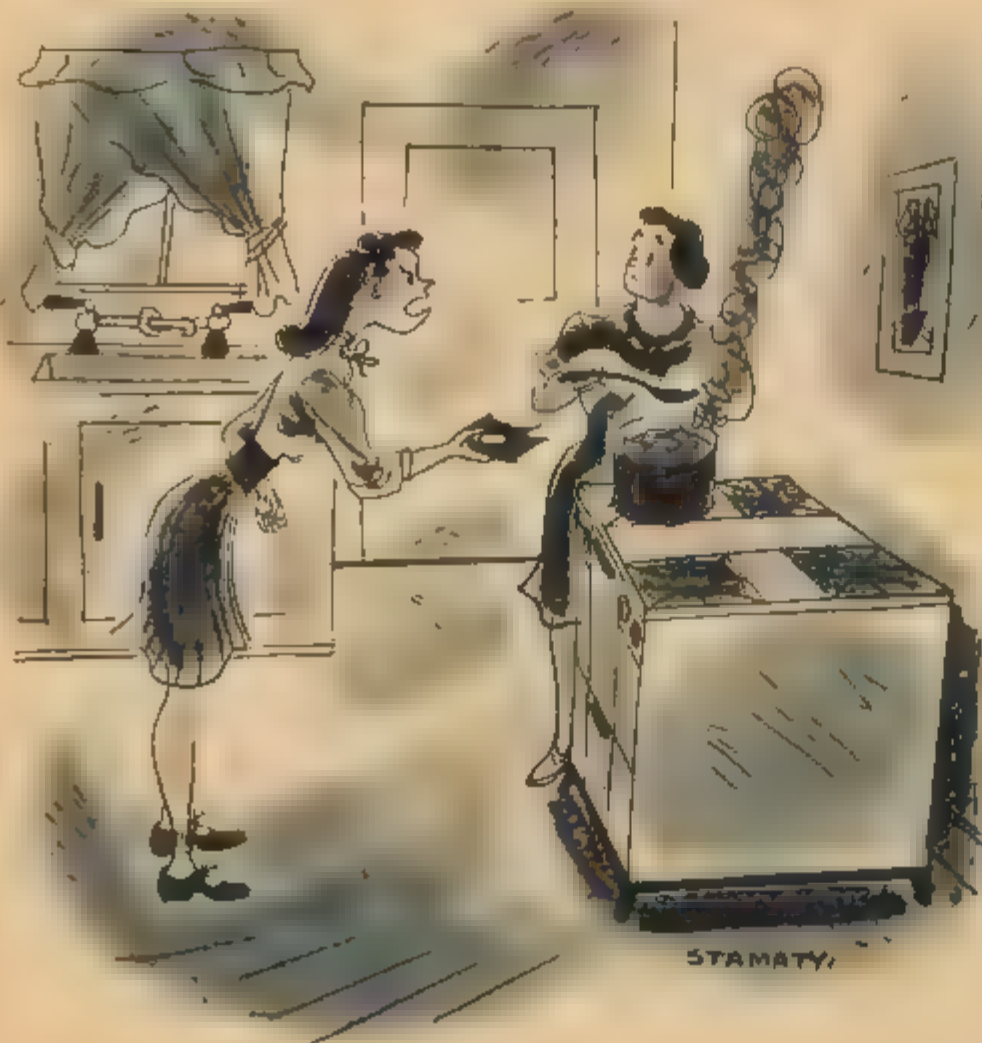
Pop sighs for schooldays that were his.
(He doesn't have to pass this quiz.)

Mom claims I've too much time to fritter.
(Huh! Not this frazzled baby-sitter.)

Honest, I don't spend my time larking—
It's a dog's life (but I'm not barking).

You can dream, can't you? And you can make it pay off by dreaming up an Utterly Fantastic Situation gag. Send in your original gag to Jabberwocky and Jive Editor, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. If it clicks, our artist will draw the cartoons and you will get \$1 on publication. All gags we buy become the property of *Calling All Girls*. None of them can be acknowledged or returned.

UTTERLY FANTASTIC SITUATION



"I'm so mad! Do you know what Father did?
He raised my allowance again!"

That blouse will
catch more than
the eye, Chick!



IN A CRISP little blouse like that, Hon, you rate an "E" for Eye Appeal. But the highest rating can hit rock bottom when a girl is guilty of underarm odor *

So keep your charm well-guarded. Per Play safe with Mum. True, your bath washes away *past* perspiration. But to hold onto that fresh start—to prevent the risk of *future* underarm odor—remember that Mum's the magic word.

Speedy, snow-white Mum smooths on

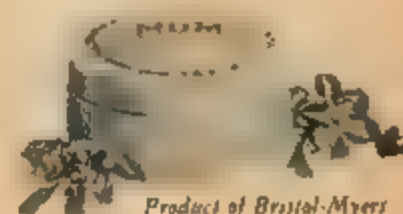
in seconds. Keeps underarms dainty Keeps you nice to be near all day or evening

Creamy Mum won't irritate your skin And this gentle, dependable deodorant has won the American Institute of Laundering Seal of Approval as being harmless to fine fabrics.

Mum won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. May be used even *after* dressing. Remember, today, to buy Mum so you can forget underarm odor.

MUM HELPS TO MAKE A MISS A HIT

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

Glitter Frocks Are Good Party Mixers

There's nothing like an original "mixer" to start things off at a party, and nothing like a new Glitter Frock to make him glad he drew you for a partner. See lots of Party Mixer ideas in the new "Jabberwocky and Jive Journal," available free from teen departments of Official Headquarters Stores, listed on page 82.

Left—Sequin-studded CAG Dater by Universiteen, of rayon by Yale Fabrics, about \$8. Jewelry by Lisner. She's giving her heart to the boy who answers the description on the slip of paper.

Right—He's matching her lip print to her lips, but he's not missing her black jersey dress with glitter belt. By Nancy Hood, about \$15. Charm bracelet by Lisner.

Glitter Frocks at Official Headquarters Stores, page 82, or write for where-to-buy information.

How a SMART DOG-OWNER TAUGHT ME NEW TRICKS!



SOME GRUESOME TWOSOME! ME CLUMPING ALONG, BROODING OVER MY ANEMIC ALLOWANCE; WALDO TAKING NIPS AT PASSING ANKLES...CANNIBAL? NO—PEKINESE. (I PARADE POOCHES FOR EXTRA CLOTHES MONEY. DULL WORK AND SLOW DOUGH, BU-LEEVE ME!)

HALFWAY AROUND THE PARK, WE MEET A GLAMOUR-CHICK WITH A DALMATIAN. SHE'S WEARING THE MOST DEE-VINE CHECKED WOOL. "MUST HAVE COST A MINT," SAY I TO MYSELF — I'M SO BUSY YEARNING I DON'T NOTICE THE PACKAGE SHE'S DROPPED. BUT WALDO DOES.



I SNATCH IT FROM HIM JUST IN TIME! "THANKS," SHE SMILES. "IT'S MATERIAL FOR A NEW DRESS I'M MAKING." MY JAW DROPS. "DON'T TELL ME YOU MAKE DREAM-OUTFITS LIKE THE ONE YOU'RE WEARING?" I GASP. "SURE — AND SO COULD YOU," SHE COMES BACK.

"ME? I'M A DUD AT SEWING," I MOAN. "SO WAS I — TILL I TOOK THOSE SINGER TEEN-AGE SEWING CLASSES," SHE SAYS. "THEY'RE MARVELOUS — AND FUN. I MADE THIS WHILE I WAS LEARNING." ...THOSE CLASSES ARE FOR ME, I DECIDE, YANKING WALDO HOME IN DOUBLE TIME.

NEXT TIME WE MEET, I'M A SINGER GRADUATE. SHE RAVES OVER THE HEAVENLY NUMBER I'M FLASHING. (I MADE IT FOR PEANUTS!) — AND TWO FRIENDS OF HERS (SMOOTH JOBS!) ANKLE UP FAST FOR AN INTRODUCTION! — LOOKS LIKE MY WALKS WITH WALDO WILL BE PLENTY INTERESTING FROM NOW ON!



SINGING THE WARDROBE BLUES?

Here's how to change your tune! — Head right for those Singer Teen-Age Sewing Lessons! Learn the slick tricks about cutting, fitting, finishing, patterns.* Make your own wonder-duds for a song! Get details from your Singer Sewing Center (listed in the phone book under Singer Sewing Machine Company)

The dress illustrated requires approximately 1 3/4 yds. of 54 inch material. The pattern number may be obtained from your local Singer Sewing Center.

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

There's one near you to serve you



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gets in your eyes

nd, no wonder—because it's the most luscious creamy color you've ever seen in a winter coat. Below, left, Babs March wears our front-cover topper of Kingora in White Smoke with matching hood by Madcaps. Topper, by Barbara, about \$40, hood about \$9. Fur mitts by Wilshire. Sue Eaton's White Smoke Dovmere fleece, below, right, by Grafshire, about \$35. Helmet by Gadgets, mitts by Kach originals. White Smoke for dress-up, too. Doris Parsons wears it with black for dating. Her black velvet cloche by Betmar. Cost, about \$29. All at Official Headquarters Stores on page 82, or send for where-to-buy information.



TWO CONTINENTS ARE HER KITCHEN

*The Story of
Consuelo Kelly*

HELPING others to be good cooks is part of Connie Kelly's job at General Electric. After spending several years at G-E's Consumer's Institute in Bridgeport, International General Electric sent Connie traveling 30,000 miles by air to large cities in South and Central America, Mexico and the Caribbeans, to explore the possibilities of setting up similar institutes in these countries. As a result of her travels, Connie has established institutes in Mexico, Argentina, and Brazil. Her main job is to set up these schools, train others to carry them on, and then supervise their operation. Housewives attend these schools to learn the best cooking, sewing, and laundering practices and to learn the use and care of electrical appliances *General Electric Company, Schenectady 5, N. Y.*



Connie spent the first seven years of her life in Cuba. After attending school there for a year she and her family moved to New York where she received the rest of her education including the study of nutrition at Columbia University



Interested in sports, Connie spent much of her time swimming, and she often played basketball and went on long hikes. After completing school, Connie traveled in Europe and Central America collecting recipes as a hobby



Following her interest in cooking and nutrition, she came to work for G-E, giving radio talks and demonstrations on these subjects to promote the sale of electrical appliances. These activities carried her through all the United States and Canada



Her library of cookbooks, representing Mexico and all the South American countries is one of the most complete of its kind. In 1941 she conducted a cooking school demonstration over television station WRGB—the first such program ever presented.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

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Let's Talk Things Over

with ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

I have been ill and out of school. While I was gone so much went on at school. I had many disappointments while I was out. How do you take these disappointments? Should a girl forget them, or just laugh at them which isn't so easy to do sometimes?—Martha T., aged 14, Iowa.

MARTHA'S thoughtful letter reminded us of another girl. She too, had to be "out of things," for almost a year. Then came the night of a wonderful class party. All day long the girl had been trying to take her disappointment with her chin up; but when the party hour came and her mother walked into her room, this girl burst forth with, "Oh, I know I'm supposed to make the best of it; but I just can't!" Then came a flood of tears. Her mother went over and put her arms around the girl and just let her cry it out. In a little while the daughter smiled through the tears and said, "It's all right now; sit with me a while. There'll be other parties, I know."

It is not easy to grin when things go wrong, and no one can be expected to do so all the time. But it is good for a girl to keep her goal high even though she cannot always reach it. When she must miss good times, she can remember the things she may do instead of dwelling on the "can-nots." Her parents and her teacher can help her plan a program for herself while at home—that is with the consent of her doctor, who will know what she is ready for and when. And after school hours some of her friends may be permitted to come to see her—perhaps only one or two at a time (always with the physician's approval) and a table could be drawn up beside her bed, for playing games or for a Saturday lunch date.

Martha, who is now back at school, must give herself time to catch up. She'll gradually learn about what went on during her absence and, best of all, there will be new events—new things to share with the other girls and boys.

Martha asks "how do

you take disappointments," and that question is a good one for all of us. There are bound to be many disappointments in every lifetime. We must learn to take the bad along with the good. We will be happier if we do. We all know of people who have surmounted great handicaps. When we stop to think of the sufferings and sacrifices of people across the seas, the heartaches and the cruel, tragic experiences, we remember that many of them are proving that we Americans cannot permit ourselves to be less worthy—especially since our own disappointments happen in the midst of so very much for which we are all so deeply grateful.

I have been reading your column for quite some time now and admire your judgment very much. I am a Sophomore in high school where most of the kids are fifteen or sixteen. My mother thinks I am too young to do anything the rest of the kids in my grade in high school do; I feel I ought to be able to do the same things the rest of them do. I am quite large and could pass for sixteen, easily. Many friends ask me to go to the show and I have to make up excuses. Can you help me?—Phyllis W., aged 14, California.



"It was personal."

JUST because it does mean so much to girls and boys to associate with others fairly close to their own age, most school authorities are careful about placing even their brightest pupils in older age groups.

Phyllis is tall for her age, and she sounds as if she has plenty of good sense and intelligence or she wouldn't be a Soph. She probably can keep up with her schoolmates in her studies and in physical activities. But there is more to growing up than getting brainier and taller and stronger all the time! There is more to maturity in other words, than size and I.Q.

Phyllis' mother knows that Phyllis must grow up in her feelings—or emotions—and in her social experiences, or ways of getting along with others, younger and older. We do not grow up in one straight line, so to speak, but in a kind of zigzag way. We do not always grow evenly either: for a girl may be very "old" in some ways and quite unready for great responsibilities or serious decisions in others.

There must be some classmates enough like Phyllis for her to spend a good deal of her out-of-school time with them. Her mother will probably be glad to have her invite some to her home. Phyllis should also be

able to make new friends of her own age outside of school. She should ask her mother to give her a chance to introduce her friends and also to prove that she is really not so far behind them that she can never share their experiences. If she goes to camp sometime, or spends vacations away from home, or belongs to a church group, she should meet a number of girls and boys who would make good pals.

Three other girls and I have decided to start a club. We were going to invite into our club a certain little fat girl. This girl is very good to everyone, but she is not very popular and we were sorry for her and wanted to do something for her. But another girl's mother and my mother decided
(Continued on page 75)

ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE

GIVING A HEEL THE BOOT!

HOW ABOUT IT MONK? COMING OVER TO THE TEEN AGE CLUB FOR A ROYAL CROWN COLA?

NAH! THAT'S KID STUFF! I'M TAKING MY DATE TO THE HI-HAT CLUB!

QUICKIE, I'M WORRIED ABOUT MONK, I'M AFRAID HE'S HEADED FOR TROUBLE!

YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN' R.C., THAT HI-HAT CLUB IS A DIVE. MAYBE WE'D BETTER FOLLOW W.M.

LATER, OUTSIDE THE CLUB

HEY! THERE'S MONK AND HIS DATE AT THAT TABLE

—AND LOOK QUICKIE, HE'S HAVING TROUBLE WITH THAT BIG TOUGH LOOKING GUY. COME ON!

COME ON, YOU LITTLE PUNK, BEAT IT! I'M TAKING OVER

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, CHUM!

WE'RE TAKING OVER!

LISTEN! SCRAM OUTA' HERE IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

OKAY, WE'RE GOING...

JUST AS SOON AS WE TAKE CARE OF SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS —

UGH!

TIMBER-R-R

WHEW! WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR SOME ROYAL CROWN COLA!

THE TREAT'S ON ME GANG! AND BOY, IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!

THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S THE BEST TASTING COLA OF ALL

ALAN "RED RYDER" LANE SAYS:

R.C. IS MY BRAND! IT REALLY TASTES BEST!

Alan Lane star of the Red Ryder Western took the taste test beaten by a power a bee making try to say "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a lift with Royal Crown Cola. Best by taste test!

See Alan Lane as "Red Ryder" in "SANTA FE UPRISING" A Republic Picture

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste test

FIRST AID

for club programs

Are your club meetings languishing, dull as dustmops, definitely in need of a pepper-upper? Quick, here are some dandy ideas to the rescue!

By MARY BLOISE STONE

BEEN straining your brain for club program ideas to keep your club in action? This is a check list of activities to help your program chairmen concoct plans to make the year whiz by with a bang. Use it as a guide, together with ideas of your own—but plan!

I. "OF THEE I SING"—

BEST FOOT FORWARD

Good Looks

Guest demonstrator.

Plan to visit a beauty parlor or clinic for demonstrations.

Take several meetings to work on the many aspects of good looks:

Skits—"Trim Helene versus No-girdle Gertie," and so on.

Style show—Visit one or put on your own.

Good Manners

Invite a guest speaker to explain courteous procedures in reference to table manners, etc.

Skits by members—Make sure that Rita Reet wins over Geraldine Glutton.

Gather your experts and have an Information Please or a forum on what to do when.

Popularity

Ask a popular college girl, or someone else who is hep, for pointers on what boys, and girls, too, like in their friends.

Date discussions—How often and how late. Where to go.

Careers

Find out what kinds of work the members are considering for the future. Ask a department store executive, for example, to tell the club what he considers important in a buyer for the decorating department, etc.

Arrange to visit a plant which offers many types of work and ask to have the qualifications of workers explained.

Invite a panel consisting, for instance, of nurse, laboratory technician, teacher, reporter, etc., to explain their jobs along with the necessary training and experience so

as to open up new fields to the club members who can then make further inquiries on their own.

II. KEEPING UP

World Picture

What about current events?—not memorized newspaper reports (perish the thought) but live-wire discussions of how world events will affect you and what can be done about them.

Listen in on radio forums with club discussions afterward.

Plan your own junior town meetings.

Local News

Watch for announcements of special exhibits and demonstrations in museums and department stores or for other interesting features the girls won't want to miss.

What Goes On?

Plan a trip to a hospital to see the diet kitchens, to a baby clinic, etc.

Ask to go behind scenes in a restaurant, factory, dry cleaning plant, bank, courthouse, etc.

Get Hep

Work on parliamentary procedure, dance steps, bridge, or other special interests. It may be worth while to pay an expert for a few lessons or a little coaching. Colleges will furnish student teachers for some subjects free.

Young Cosmopolitans

Study customs of some other national group.

Ask a member of this group to talk to the club.

Cook a meal made up of dishes from this country.

Wear costumes in keeping with those worn in this country.

Have a meal in a foreign restaurant.

Visit a foreign section of your city.

III. HELPING HANDS

Red Cross, Well Baby Clinic, Hospitals

Find out what services your club can perform for these agencies, such as making tray favors for the Red Cross.

Invalids, Old People

Read aloud to them occasionally or stop by for an hour each week to chat or write letters.

The County Home

A personal interest in the men and women at the County Home will certainly be appreciated. They will form a most willing audience to any entertainment you can offer. It's wise to remember, though, that people are sensitive and that a Lady Bountiful air is out of date, but def.

(Continued on page 78)



"Either we stop discussing boys during club meetings or I resign as secretary! These minutes are getting out of hand!"

"I want one too!"



Your friends love to see themselves in pictures . . . and "snaps" are fun to share

When the gang goes back to school, you can count on a thrill every time you show the snapshots you took. Extra prints make welcome gifts, and help make close friends closer.

There's no trick at all to taking pictures with a Brownie. Simply center your subject in the view-finder and "click." You'll find yourself getting swell snapshots right from the start. Play it safe—use Kodak Verichrome Film. You press the button—it does the rest . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

America's favorite snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film—in the familiar yellow box



Full-size preview of your snapshots
Brownie Reflex
Synchro model

You see your subject in full picture size—sharp and clear—in the hooded view-finder. Shoots twelve $1\frac{1}{2}$ " square pictures without reloading. One of the many cameras in the famous Kodak line, it costs less than you think. See your local dealer.



Kodak

DEAR PEN PAL

(Continued from page 27)

October of 1941

Dear Dona,

This evening I received your letter and I danced with joy when my grandfather came in and handed it over to me. Thanks for all you sent me. You're looking very nice in that picture . . .

In the afternoon I go to the sewing school and I made many clothes. I read you're going to such a school, too. Do you like it? I like it very much. And it's very pleasant there. This afternoon I broke my head against the head of a girl. There was a thick lump above my eye. We laughed terribly. It was a very funny moment.

On Saturday I have singing lessons. I like them very much.

I passed my exam. I was very nervous and so I was very glad to hear that I passed.

In the morning I learn to cook. That's very pleasant. But the whole family is sick of it. Happily it goes better and better. . . .

Can you perhaps send me a card of Deanna Durbin? I collect them and I already have forty-eight cards of her. Here in Holland we cannot get them any longer.

I have an album and in it are all the snapshots I get from America. Your picture is already in it. It's a very interesting view and in hours I have nothing to do, I take it and look at you all and then think how it would be when I was with you. . . .

Now I close and I send you my best wishes and good luck.

Your Dutch friend,
Gini

Dona received the last letter from Gini on December 6, 1941, the day before the Pearl Harbor attack.

Then on April 7, 1945, good news came from Holland, through the International Red Cross.

Breda, March 2, 1945

Dear Dona,

We are allowed to write to the U. S. again, so here comes this card. Letters are not yet admitted, but I hope this will do as well. How are you and your family? It is already such a long time ago that we corresponded. We are liberated and during the liberation we were in a shelter for two days. No damage was done to the house, only a few windows were broken. Fortunately, none of the family was killed. I'm singing for the troops now and it's grand!

All of us are O. K. My sister married two and a half years ago. They got a nice little kiddie, named Pop. She's expecting another now. My father was in a concentration

camp under the Germans during ten and a half weeks. And I had to hide myself as well. Anyway, I'll tell you more about this when we can write letters again. . . .

Gini

June 16, 1945

Dear Dona,

Well, was I glad to get your lovely letter and your super picture. . . . We, here in Breda, are doing fine. We don't get much rationed, but we don't starve and that's the main thing. Well, as you asked me, I'll tell you something about what happened to our family.

We did all right till June, 1944, when the German police came into our house and found two radios. We were not allowed to have radios, see. So, they took my dad to a concentration camp and because they found all my diaries I had to disappear from the scene. I lived in the forests around Breda for three weeks, sleeping in a shed and begging food from the farmers. After those three weeks I went to Amsterdam and I was there till September. I came home just before our liberation and so did Dad. He had a bare skull, but he was all right, fortunately. Then came the liberation, and we were in a shelter for two days. It was awful to hear the shells coming over and to hear the explosions so very near.

People went crazy when the liber-

ators came in. . . . The first week of the liberation the part of our town where we live was shelled by the Germans every day. Lots of houses around us were damaged, but our house was still intact. We moved into a shelter under a theater in the center of the town. We were there for a week and then, when we were at home again, the V-1's started coming over and started dropping in and around Breda. That was awful, Dona; you never heard a sound like that. You could hear them coming already miles away. It's a horrible sound. The whole house shakes then. And when it was dark we could see the light at its tail and we were waiting till it would stop and drop. We all were very nervous. Then the guns came to action and fired at them. You could see colored balls rising into the sky and when they got it, there was a big flash of fire and we all got a terrible shock. But fortunately that's all over now. And in the beginning of March, I joined up with six boys from Breda. But we were not common soldiers. The boys had their own band, and I sang. And we got some more musicians and gave a musical show. We're doing all right and we have great successes. On May 7 we were broadcasting from Eindhoven. That's the present Dutch radio station, The Rising Netherlands. . . . They call me the Dutch Dinah Shore. But I don't want to be somebody else. I'd like to be myself.

How old are you now? I lost track, I was twenty on the 20th of February. Old, eh? You'll find a picture of me in this [envelope], as I am now. But I've got a nice service dress now. That's the only thing that's really mine. I haven't even got shoes of my own. I had to borrow them. We didn't get coupons for clothes and shoes since three years. The uniform is all right to save my other clothes. That's why I'm going to ask you to send me something, if possible. I'll send you the money, so tell me what you did spend for all the things. I'd like to have some underwear and pajamas or a nightgown. Also, if possible, a nice dress. And most of all I need stockings and shoes. If it is not possible, Dona, don't do it. I know it's much, but I'll send you the money. I'll find a way to change Dutch money into dollars, so choose good things, if you can. I'm sending you a drawing of my foot, for the shoes and the stockings. And my height is five feet and six inches.

I'll be out of the army in the beginning of September, because I'm going to marry then. I'm engaged to a Scotchman from Edinburgh and he's try-



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VERZOEK
door toezichtsbureau van het Deutsche Rode Kruis aan het
Internationale Comité van het Rode Kruis te Genève om inlichtingen
A N T W A R
door het Deutsche Rode Kruis aan het Internationale Comité
om Rode Kruis te Genève aan te nemen

1. Afzender *Gini de Klerk*
Adres *Albion, Rotterdam en adres*
(Name, Voornaam en Adres)

Recepiënt g. Breda, Holland.
Verzocht aan
Hiet aan

2. Geadresseerde *Dona Allison 191, Village Street.*
Recepiënt *Miss. Hedwig West U.S.A.*
(Name, Voornaam en Adres)
het volgende mede te deelen
Tegenged. te overnemen

ten laatste 21 maanden geleden persoon
In te sturen te sturen te sturen te sturen
Hiet aan 21 dagen na persoons- en
Familiegegevens te sturen

*I'm all alone. Remembrance album sent
Abraham sent last if possible
My sister Henry married last year
I'm at telegraph office
Best wishes to all
Gini*

3. Geadresseerde: antwoorde op
Recepiënt antwoorde te sturen

13 JUL 1945

This letter, written in March, 1944, came to Dona through the International Red Cross in Switzerland. It took a little more than a year to reach her.

ing to get me some things, but he did not yet succeed because his own sister is going to marry soon and everything you must buy with coupons. And people don't get so many coupons, see. And I'd like to have something nice when it comes to that date. But it's so very difficult. His name is Tom Main and he's with the M. P. now. I expect him coming down Breda today. I'll send you a photograph of the two of us next time. . . .

Love,
Gini

P.S. I still got Nelly, the dog. And another one. That's a Pekinese, aged one year. (Do I write the name all right?) They're always in trouble with each other.

July 21, 1945

Dear Dona,

Thanks a lot for your most lovely letter, in which the question to come to America. I'd like to, honestly, but I can't get a chance. We're not even allowed to go to England. No civilians and no soldiers are able to go there. I wished with all my heart that there would be a chance, but there isn't. I'm still hoping, because with the first chance I'll get, I'll be there. Is that O. K.? I must also ask my husband if he'll let me go, or otherwise all come together, if that's all right for you, of course. Yes, Dona, I'm going to marry in August on the 18th. In this cover you'll find an announcement saying: Gini de Klerk and Thomas Main have the honor to inform you of their coming wedding on August 18th, 1945.

This is the Dutch way of announcing these things. How does that go in America? I'll go to Scotland next year, because Tom comes out of the army by Christmas, so we'll go there early January. On the same day Mom and Dad have their silver wedding day, so that'll be a very nice party. I'll send you our photographs taken on the wedding day. . . .

I feel very happy now, and so does my coming husband. He is with the M. P. now and in Germany, but on the 14th of August he comes on a fourteen days leave, and we go to Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and other parts of Holland for our honeymoon, because Tom never was there. . . .

Your Dutch friend,
Gini

August 30, 1945

Dear Dona,

Well, Dona, as I promised I should let you know when the parcel arrived and they have arrived yesterday. It is marvelous, dear. Even Tom couldn't speak a word. We just sat there and stared at everything. Thanks a lot, Dona. Honestly, I can't explain my thanks. You must think, we can't get all those things here and did never see similar things in the past five years. The whole family is crazy about it. It is really swell, I can't find the word

Are you in the know?



When you don't know the routine, would you—

- ☐ Try it anyway
- ☐ Say your feet hurt
- ☐ Fess up frankly

Why lumber through a rumba—or spoil a jilt-bug's "shine?" If you aren't hep to the step, say so. Fess up frankly. Drooms

rush in where smoothies fear to tread. But at "certain" times, there's one fear a smooth girl can forget (with Kotex): the fear of telltale outlines. That's because Kotex has flat tapered ends that prevent revealing outlines. And you can dance the hours away in comfort, for Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing.



For camouflaging freckles, do you—

- ☐ Take the cake
- ☐ Apply lemon juice
- ☐ Wear a dotted veil

Freckle-heckled? To camouflage the summer's sun spots—take the cake (makeup, that is) and apply with wet sponge. Blot surplus with a Kleenex tissue, blend well with fingertips while damp. Then let dry—and you've got 'em covered! It's easy, when you know how. Like keeping dainty on problem days. You'll know how to stay dainty, charming, when you let Kotex help. Each Kotex napkin contains a deodorant—locked inside so it can't shake-out!



How would you give your order?

- ☐ To the waiter
- ☐ To your escort
- ☐ Let your date choose your dinner

If you're a menu mumbler—speak up, sis! Choose what appeals to you (without blitzing his allowance), then tell it to your escort; he'll pass it on to the waiter. Be sure of how to order and be safe from embarrassment. That's one for your memory book. It's something to remember, too, when choosing sanitary protection. Choose Kotex, because Kotex has an exclusive safety center that gives you plus protection, keeps you extra safe—and confident!

More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins*



A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST

* When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

for it. My thanks are many, I only wish I could do something for you. If there is anything you'd like to have from Holland, write and I'll see if there's any possibility to get it for you. The shoes fit me as if they were made for me. They're very nice and I guess you wore them on the last photo you sent me. Also the dress fits me to a T. It's a beauty, Dona. Thanks again for everything. It's nice of you to send me some material if you can, but if you need coupons for it, don't do it. You'll need them yourself.

It's a pity it didn't arrive before the wedding. But I managed to get a white dress, a long one with a long veil. Everything borrowed from friends, but still it was very nice. Of course I'll send you the photograph that was taken. The day itself was a big success. Tom took care of what refreshments and eatables arrived and there was enough of everything. His Major and Captain and five of the boys joined the party. We enjoyed ourselves very much and we'll never forget the 18th of August. The party went on till six o'clock the next morning. The weather was also perfect. We drove to the town hall in five carriages with horses. Two days after the wedding Tom and I went to Amsterdam and Rotterdam for our honeymoon. . . . The transport is not very good. There are only a few trains, so we did a lot of hitchhiking. . . .

We came back a week after, because Tom liked to spend the last days of his leave at home. His officer gave him six more days, so he has been here now from the 13th. Today he has to return to his unit again. . . .

Love and best wishes
and God bless,
Your British friends,
Gini and Tommy

October 22, 1945
Dear Dona,

I have just sent you a small parcel with a letter in it. But just in case you won't receive it, I send you this card.

If you receive the parcel, will you let me know? Please, send your further letters to the following address, as I shall be there in another three or four weeks. . . .

That's the address of Tom's parents. As everything will be strange to me the first time, I decided to live with them until Tom will be demobbed. His sister Greta is married in June and her husband is now in Palestine somewhere. So for her too it'll be nice to go there. It'll be "two lonely pals," cheering one another up. Boy,

what a mess! Tom will be demobbed in April, so it's not such a very long time to look forward to. . . .

Love,
Gini

December 10, 1945

Dear Dona,

This is Gini to let you know that I'm still in Breda, but when you receive this letter, I'll be in Edinburgh. We go over on the 21st of December and we'll be sailing from Hook of Holland to Warwick. . . .

Tom came here last Wednesday. Usually he always had a car, but now no British cars were allowed to leave the British area now, so that he had to take the leave train to Tilburg, for it didn't stop at Breda. So he had to walk from Tilburg to Breda, that's a three and one half hours walk. At six o'clock in the morning he arrived at our house, wet through, as it rained heavily, and dead tired of course.

Last Thursday we went to Rotterdam to the British Consulate and I received my passport there. . . . On the 20th of December we go by bus to a small village near Breda. From there on we catch the boat to Rotterdam, stay in Rotterdam for the night, and the next day, the 21st, we go to Hook of Holland by train and then at night we'll be sailing our way to the United Kingdom. I'll let you know all about it when we're "at home." Funny though, as I've never seen Tom's people, only on photographs.

Well, Dona, this is only short, I

hope you don't mind, but I'm very busy these last days. Coming Thursday I go to Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam, and some other places to say good-bye to all relations and friends. And that will take some time as the trains are not yet back to usual, so I'll have to hitch-hike my way there. But I'll get by.

Gini

January 7, 1946

Dear Dona,

This is the first letter to you from Edinburgh to thank you a lot for your nice letter which was waiting for me when I arrived here. So it was quite a nice surprise. And the bigger surprise was your package I received last week, containing the lovely dress and I can hardly wait for the summer to put it on. People here think it's lovely and they think you must be a relation of Santa Claus. Thanks very much again, Dona. . . .

It would indeed be wonderful if Tom and I could go to America to live. But I don't know how we could ever manage that. Tom's got a job here, and I don't think he would ever leave that to seek his luck in America, eh? He's got a wife to look after now! What do you think of that? I still don't feel being married, you know. I think that'll come when we'll be having a home of our own.

Tom left here for Germany again last night at 11:15. I wonder where about he will be by now. The weather is good. He'll be demobilized in March or April, so that's not so far away. . . .

Of course everything was strange to me in the beginning. Edinburgh is a very old city, but it's known to be the nicest city of Britain. The houses are all built of big gray stones and me, being used to red, cheery looking houses, felt a bit gloomy. But now I'm used to it and especially when the sun shines it looks nice. The shop windows make the place cheery and thousands of people in the streets cheer everything up with their colored dresses.

It's mostly the Scots language they speak here and in the beginning I couldn't understand a word, but now they're even surprised how I'm getting along. They say I speak already the real broad Scots language. I only use it though to give a laugh, but I speak my English I had at school during the day. . . .

I hope you had a nice Christmas and New Year. We had a very



"But I weigh as much as Gregory Peck!"

nice time here. This was Tom's first Christmas and New Year again since six years. So we had quite a good party. The pipes were out in their kilts. It was very nice.

Well, Dona, again I wish you a very happy and prosperous New Year also on behalf of Tom. . . .

Love,
Gini

February 6, 1946

Dear Dona,

Thanks very much for your very nice letter and smashing photographs. You look lovely in your long dress, Dona. I got really a shock when I saw the house. My, what a smasher! How I wish I could see it all myself! But I'm afraid that it's not easy. . . . See, Dona, Tom is an engineer and his job here in Edinburgh is not really so very grand. He wants really to get a good job. But he hasn't studied anything. But for the sake of me he wants a good job.

I like Scotland, honestly I do. The surroundings are lovely, but we live in a tenement now, see, and for me being used to a nice house with a big garden, that isn't easy. Tom and I talked it over already and we're saving for a nice little house with a garden, but as there is a great lack of houses, I'm afraid that'll have to wait and we'll have to take what we can get. Tom's parents only live in a two-room house and I feel so strange in it. I have put in for an audition at the B. B. C. Maybe I'll succeed in singing on the radio here, as I did in Holland. But I haven't heard anything yet. That should mean earning a good lot of money and then we could have our little house built. But I love Tom more than anything in the world and I'd go through everything with him. He doesn't know I did put in for an audition. I'll tell him when I have succeeded and when I don't succeed, well, I don't tell him at all.

Now the American brides leave Britain for the States. I could cry seeing them go. Sometimes I feel like being a stowaway and go with them, but that would be silly. So I think the only chance of going to the States, for us, is when Tom could get a job there. So if you would please be so kind and have a look around for us, we'll be more than thankful to you. After all, I think Tom could always learn a job and he would be so proud if he did fine in it. He's strong and has a rare character. Everybody likes him. . . .

Love,
Gini

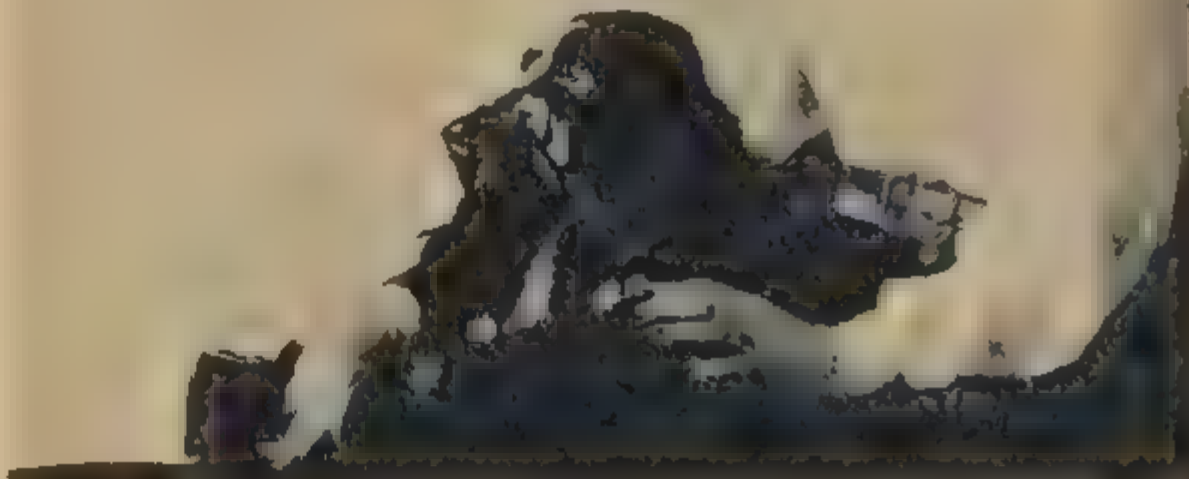
Sorry, but for various reasons CALLING ALL GIRLS can't start a pen pals service. Gini and Dona got together through the International Friendship League, Department G., Box 934, Boston, Mass. You can find a foreign pen pal through that organization, too. There's a small fee to cover expenses. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, if you write to the League for information.—The Editors.

Kleinert's 75th Anniversary — 1871-1946



"You can't tell me anything about Kleinert's, young lady! I bought their products 75 years ago."

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Kleinert's

ANY time of the year is an open season for fun when you're a CALLING ALL GIRLS Club member. But every now and then, hey ho, and some Club puts out an extra-special fun package, and we know you want to hear what's in it. This time it's our neighbors to the north.

Hundreds of Ottawa teen-agers turned out for the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club get-together sponsored by A. J. Freiman, Limited, Official Headquarters Store in Ottawa, Canada. All tickets were gone three days before the big event—which featured a teen fashion show with teen models, a lively quiz show, and a private screening of the current feature picture at the local theater where the show was held. And as if that weren't fun and to spare, a ro-

CALLING ALL GIRLS CLUB NEWS

ing reporter interviewed girls in the audience. Next on the fun fare at Freiman's is a candid camera contest, plus plans for appearances of some of the Club members on the CALLING ALL GIRLS radio program.

And speaking of the CALLING ALL GIRLS radio program—we were, weren't we?—there's some lively listening in store for all of you. There'll be more swoonderful songs from that dreamboat baritone, Dick Brown, more how-to-get-that-super-smart-teen-look from fashion editor Nancy Pepper, more glamorous

guest stars telling Jenny Jabberwocky the secret of their success. And when you hear Jenny trip the light jive-talk with such radio stars as Lanny Ross and Jo Stafford, both of whom appeared on the CALLING ALL GIRLS program

recently, you'll wonder how she does it, and how they keep up with her! If you're near a store that sponsors the CALLING ALL GIRLS radio program, tune in and share the fun. And in many Official Headquarters Stores (you'll find them listed on page 82) you can register as a member of the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club. If you don't find a Headquarters Store near you, write to Linda Allen, National Director, CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Maybe she can do something about it.



Teen-agers flock to join up at the Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.



Meet the winners of the Quiz Contest at Freiman's, Ottawa.



Left—Fashion editor Nancy Pepper is calling all girls to hear some timely tips on getting glamour, offered by five Goldwyn girls at a meeting at Gimbel's, Club Headquarters in New York City.

Below—Crooner Frank Gelsone, teener Mickey Mhyre, and Nancy Pepper collaborate on a show at Powers' Calling All Girls Club, Minneapolis. Mickey models the September CAG cover outfit.





Jane Overley, winner of CAG's Jacquard Design Contest at Witherill's, Syracuse, N. Y., and of one of five national awards, chats with Larry Brooks of "Song of Norway." In New York, Jane was the guest of Roswell, the makers of Winnie Wool sweaters.



Above—We wish this had been television so our *Calling All Girls* Club of the Air audience could have seen Peter Lawford's contagious smile as he broadcast with Nancy Pepper recently.

New pals, new platters, and an eyeful of the latest from CAG's fashion pages make this afternoon a happy one for five *Calling All Girls* Club members at Brown Thompson's in Hartford, Conn.



THIS is a tribute to "Peggy Wood"... typical Bell Telephone Service Representative.

Peggy is the friendly and dependable young lady Mother and Dad talk with whenever they visit or call the Business Office. For our many customers go to her with requests for service or equipment changes, and questions about telephone bills and services.

Peggy is alert, conscientious and poised. Perhaps she's had college or some business training. She likes her job because working with the public is pleasant and interesting and because she has responsibility.

We know and appreciate the grand job that's being done by "Peggy Wood." She's the modern American girl in business.

(One of a series about women in the
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM)



YOUR CAREER IN OFFICE WORK

(Continued from page 23)

do raisins in a fruit cake. Like being any one of the following:

Messenger

This is low on salary, but the kind of thing you can walk into straight from high school, and it's swell as a starter. In an interoffice capacity you'd busy yourself with such things as delivering mail, maybe hustling out to get a sandwich for a busy executive, and other miscellaneous duties that keep you on the run. A friendly personality is a must, along with an ability to get instructions ruler-straight.

File Clerk

There isn't an office that wouldn't fall flat on its face without a filing system where needed information can be plucked out at a minute's notice. Each office works up its pet system. There are types like correspondence and order filing, ways of doing it as by subject or date or geographical location—offices teach you their ways themselves. Usual qualifications for a file clerk are that you've completed a high school commercial course, and that you be sharp as a tack on accuracy. Figure on pulling down around \$25 a week, at current rates, depending (as do all salaries) on the organization, whether you live in a city where salaries are higher or in a small town where they're lower.

Clerk, Clerk

There's the mail clerk who sorts all the mail that pours into any thriving office. This keeps you busy all day, too, even when there's an automatic machine to slit the letters open. This requires a high-school diploma and at present pays a salary of around \$24.

As a billing clerk you'd find yourself stationed in the credit or collection department. Any girl who tackles this should be tops at arithmetic. Large offices often do their bills on a machine christened an Electromatic, and any girl who can operate one is welcomed with open arms. You can acquire the know-how through a short course given by the manufacturers of the various machines. Starting figures hover around \$26.

For obvious reasons everybody is fond of the payroll clerk. This is a keep-it-quiet kind of spot and not for girls who can't keep their little mouths shut. The

intriguing information of, what everybody makes is strictly confidential. Here you'd compute earnings from the punchings on the time clock, and be responsible for charts and files. Your typing has to be of the accurate more than the whiz-speed variety. Such a position calls for a commercial course, and the starting salary ranges around \$29.

Outfits that do a lot of hiring go in for personnel clerks who assist the personnel head. These clerks deal out application forms to job seekers and are often given the authority to turn away definitely unsuitable applicants. So what you need most in this job is sense about people, an attractive personality and appearance, and a high school diploma. Ditto for a receptionist, who as official greeter, sets the tone for the whole office as far as visitors are concerned.

Typist, Stenographer

Offices are always filled with the clatter of busy typewriters, and the girls who make them clatter are either typists or stenographers. Even typists' jobs vary according to how much speed on the keys you can pile up, how much responsibility you can handle. A beginning typist, who can expect around \$24 a week, may have a commercial course in high school or business school training. She types up envelopes, form letters,

charts, and, as she gets smarter at it, she's made an advanced typist. As such, she has rougher drafts shoved at her, and is expected to have enough sense to clean up errors in grammar or punctuation. To nab an advanced typist's job straight off, you'd probably need business school or previous experience in an office.

Being a steno is more complex, for she's not only quick on the keys but very fast with her shorthand, and can do related clerical duties, too. Beginning at around \$30, she's often an office "floater" and takes dictation from several people.

Secretary

Being a private secretary offers lots of variety, allows a close squint at the inner workings of things. And it's stimulating to work for somebody who's tops in his or her field. What's more, it's the kind of job that can grow like Topsy, and while you might start at \$28 or \$33, your salary can zoom to very much more. Another thing in favor of being a secretary is that it is not only very satisfying work in itself but a wonderful jumping off place for bigger, better positions of the executive type.

Secretaries must know shorthand whether they use it or not. Their typing must be above reproach, around sixty words a minute. Faultless spelling and vocabulary, ditto business English, as well as a knowledge of bookkeeping and filing. All of these are talents you pick up at a good business school—at least a minimum of one school year. Check your school through your high school guidance department, and pick one approved by the National Council of Business Schools. You'll need a transcript of your high school record, a recommendation from your principal, references. By-pass the hurry-up, "bargain" schools. Other secretarial qualifications, such as tact, common sense, initiative, an ability to keep confidential information to yourself, are items you develop yourself.

More low-down

By now we may have you reeling over the scope of office jobs; but brace yourself, because we still have a few up our sleeve. How about being a complaint searcher? Practically



"It's not that I'm jealous that you've been dating other girls. I think it's a crime that you take so much time from your stamp collection."

every commercial office has customer complaints to deal with and it's interesting work. You might start as a file clerk in the adjustment department, and soak up what goes on until you're ready to tackle the actual complaint searching yourself. You need a touch of Sherlock Holmes, because tracing complaints means nosing around first one source, then another, until you've rounded up all the dope. This, all nicely organized, you pass on to the adjuster, which is the job you hope to nab yourself eventually. Searchers start at around \$26, adjusters at \$30 and up. Commercial course, please.

Bookkeeping offers some very juicy top jobs, but you can't land even the most modest beginning job without business school back of you, along with a facility with figures. You'll be closely supervised at first, then, as you prove you're accurate and careful, you'll start climbing.

College? That depends a lot on your ambitions and purse status. It's a cinch that when it comes to competition for better jobs, the college girl has the edge on the non-college one. And it takes more years in the "school of experience" to even up with a few extra years of plain school. But you'll find no doors closed to you, short of some executive positions, if you don't go to college.

What about now, you want to know. How's about what you can do at present to equip yourself for one of these office jobs? Well, first of all you can dig into your commercial course and work at it on all cylinders. It isn't just that the marks you roll up figure favorably when you start job hunting. The skill you roll up makes all the difference after you've landed your job! Then how about rounding up an after-school job, one that would gobble up only about two afternoons a week? Like a stint in the school library, or landing a spot in a small office where they want somebody every now and then to help out with the overflow of filing. Maybe your father can dish out some of his business typing to you. Summer jobs in offices are always popping up, if you'll just keep scanning the want-ads, or applying in person and ahead of time to the firm that appeals to you. Summer positions don't have to be full-time either. The point is that any bits of experience you pile up now looks fine on an application blank later.

It will also tell you whether or not you have the equipment for an office career. For instance, can you apply yourself? Can you take responsibility? Do you take pride in putting out a neat letter, in seeing that the work on your desk gets done accurately, on time, and no passing the buck to someone else? If the answer is yes, then you'll be a credit to any office.

Well, there you are. Office work is a wide-open field, bristling with opportunity and openings. It's yours and a very nice one you'll find it, too.

TRUE OR FALSE?



You gotta put up with the "BLUES" just before "those difficult days"

IT'S TRUE that some girls tend to magnify little problems just before menstruation. But that woeful feeling is temporary. Don't brood about it!

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DATA ON DANA

(Continued from page 15)

simplicity Dana knew back in the Baptist parsonage in Texas, where he and his six brothers and two sisters grew up, is still an important influence in his life. Even now that he has a beautiful home in North Hollywood, a "yacht" or two—he firmly refuses to call them by any such fancy name—and an income that could give him every luxury, he doesn't go in for display. Grubbing in the garden suits him better than the more spectacular sports—except one. When it comes to the ocean, Dana's just an old sea-dog. He likes to call his three boats an "investment," probably to satisfy his conscience which nips him occasionally when he remembers those seven lean years that were his introduction to Hollywood. Actually, he loves the water and has a real knack at handling a boat. If everything goes well, he's going to have his schooner equipped with radar when he enters it in the Honolulu races one of these days.

But even with the sea luring him, Dana likes best to spend his time quietly at home with his wife, Mary, his sons David and Stephen, and his daughter Kathryn. He likes informal clothes, likes the out-of-doors, and is pretty good at such sports as tennis, bowling, and swimming. He isn't much of a dancer,

maybe because his clergyman father didn't think too well of dances, and Dana stayed away from most of them when he was a boy. He likes good books, the theater, music (and particularly Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 in C Minor), art (such as paintings by Van Gogh or

Grant Wood), and amateur photography. Favorite food? It's rare roast beef. And when it comes to flowers he'll settle for daffodils and bachelor buttons.

He has definitely not "gone Hollywood." In spite of all the glamour of the movie capital, a goodly few of those who work with motion pictures prefer to be just ordinary people like the rest of us, once they're away from the grease paint and klieg lights. As far as possible, Dana keeps his private life as unassuming as if he weren't chalking up earnings that would have staggered him a bit back in his Texas days.

Dana shies away from all affectation—or affected people. He doesn't even want to talk about acting or motion pictures, and if anyone else brings up the subject, he's quite likely to switch the conversation to something far from Hollywood. It's only his well-trained voice that gives away the fact that he's connected with the dramatic arts.

Success in Hollywood has its soft and easy side for some, but for a real person like Dana Andrews, there's no resting on laurels. Each new role is a challenge to deliver the best acting performance he possibly can, which means that he's going to be up there among the top-ranking stars for a long, long time.



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THE YORKTOWN YOUNGER SET

(Continued from page 34)

"Why, it's one of those doohinkusses women make dresses on."

"Commonly called a dress dummy, dummy," Chip said. "But haven't you any imagination? Can't you see its potentialities?"

"In a word, no."

"Why, you dimwit, there stands our headless woman."

"Oh," said Wally.

"Can't you just see it?" Chip went on ecstatically. "We'll take her out to the old Winship place—nobody's lived there for years and it's nice and dilapidated and spooky—and fix her up in one of the upstairs rooms. Then we'll escort that fine literary character, Mr. Rodney Clement—I wonder what his middle name is; Aloysius, I bet—up to view the remains and I betcha his fine imagination will fill in all the vacancies in this little ghost act and he'll be scared hollow—and I don't mean sleepy. Don't you get the picture—we'll get the girls out there on the q. t. to witness this, and when they see him shrinking and cowering, they won't think he's so doggone divine."

Wally grinned in happy agreement. "I have some phosphorus paint down in our basement. We might paint the stub of the neck so it glows."

"That's the idea, chum. Look, you call Bob and ring him in on this deal, and I'll go home and put on the pressure for the car tomorrow night so we can get out there."

"Roger," said Wally. "Or should we change it to Rodney in honor of the occasion?"

Both Chip and Wally were laughing in a most satisfied manner as they parted.

The sky was dark and moonless when Chip honked in front of the Wallace home the following evening. Wally raced out to the car and leaned on the door.

"Have you said anything to the girls?" Chip asked.

"Not yet. I was waiting for the last minute. But Holly's in there now with Nan."

"Go get them," said Chip, "and let's get going. I can hardly wait."

"Hurry up," said Wally to the two girls as he rushed them down the path. "This is going to be fun—for us," he added grimly.

Holly and Nan climbed into the car. "Will someone tell us exactly what gives?" Nan asked.

"We're out to prove a point," Chip answered as he slipped the car into low. "The point being that your dear Rodney is yellow under the skin. We think you may find that he is a muscle man with the brain, but low on the courage quotient which, you'll admit, is a pretty important quotient in any man."

"Granted, but just exactly what are you going to do?" asked Holly.



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Hastily Chip explained the story and the scene they had fixed up. "And believe me," he finished, "it's convincing. It almost scared me after we finished setting the stage last night."

"Really, Wally?" Nan said, "It's an awfully dirty trick."

"Ah, Nan," Wally protested, "it's harmless. We're not hazing the guy. We just want to show you what he's made of."

"Do you have anything else out there besides the dummy?" Holly asked.

"Just the dummy in an old empty house. What more do you want?" Wally answered.

"You won't let us down, will you?" said Chip. "We thought we'd run you out there and you can hide and stay out of sight while we go back and pick up Rodney."

"All right," Nan answered in a resigned tone. "We'll play along, but we think you might be surprised."

"Not a chance," said Chip as he pulled up into the driveway of the Winship home. "We know character when we see it. Now stay out of sight and keep quiet, but don't forget to watch."

"Don't worry; we won't," called Holly, as the boys started back to town.

After they picked up Bob, they stopped for Rodney. "You're sure you feel up to this spectacle?" Chip asked as Rodney climbed into the car.

"I wouldn't miss any of the details of the story for anything," Rodney answered.

"We wouldn't want you to," said Wally.

"I hope she shows up tonight," Chip said. "She usually shows up on Hallowe'en, but not always. I hope you won't be disappointed."

The night seemed even darker out at the old Winship place. Far away from street lights and shaded by tall trees, the gaunt house glared mournfully down on the four boys as they stepped out of the car. With the motor of the car killed, the night took on its own sounds: the gulunk, gulunk of the frogs, the tiny chirp of the crickets, and the insidious rustling of the wind in the leaves far above their heads. The boards of the steps squeaked gloomily and off-key as they climbed to the doorway. Chip fumbled hastily in his pockets for the candles he had brought. He leaned against the wall of the house out of the breeze to light them.

"Haven't you a flashlight?" asked Rodney.

"Er, the headless woman is allergic to flashlights," answered Chip. "And we wanted to make sure you had a look at her." He handed candles to Bob and Wally.

"I see," said Rodney, and he pushed open the huge front door.

A long eerie wail as if the E string on a violin were being tortured whined through the black hall. Chip jumped so hard he knocked out the

flame on the candle he was carrying.

Bob leaned over to relight Chip's candle from his. "The door didn't do that last night," Chip whispered.

"Sh," said Wally.

"Which way?" Rodney's voice sounded as though he were using a loud-speaker.

"Upstairs," Chip answered in a small voice. He cleared his throat and went on, "She's usually in the front bedroom. I'll—I'll lead the way."

As he put his foot down on the first step, a great metallic rattling clanged out.

"Chains, no doubt," said Rodney.

"Yeah, yeah, sure, ch-chains."

Chip held his candle up so he could see Wally. Wally's eyes were wide, and he just shrugged silently. Chip nudged Bob next to him. "Did you plant any chains?" he whispered as they climbed the stairs.

Bob's "no" was so quiet Chip could hardly hear it.

Chip loitered down the upstairs hall, practically pushed forward by the three boys behind him. He thought he saw a light under one of the doors, but it disappeared so quickly he wasn't sure. He reached the door of the front bedroom almost with a sigh. Slowly and silently he pushed it open and stood back, holding up his candle so that it shone in the room. There, stretched on the floor, was a still figure covered neatly with a blanket. The candlelight flickered over the body, played on the reflecting glow where there should have been a head—but there was only a stump.

"There she is, just as we told you," Chip said with great satisfaction.

Rodney's eyes were fixed on the apparition. "She's terrific," he said. "Look, she's getting up."

"Wha-at?" Chip turned back toward the room and in frozen silence watched as the figure on the floor slowly moved and rose. The blanket draped limply from her shoulders, her stub of a neck glowing even more brightly as it neared the candle flames, the macabre dripping down its sides beginning to look red as the figure moved forward.

Chip didn't wait. He brushed Rodney aside and pounded on the heels of Bob and Wally as the three of them raced down the stairs. They hardly touched the ground floor before they were sprinting out of the door and down the porch steps. Wally felt as if a whip had lashed him across the legs. He plunged downward into the dirt, heard the thuds as Chip and Bob fell beside him, and then almost blacked out as a great weight landed on his back. He felt buried, smothered.

And then the frantic, scrambling silence was broken by great bellows of laughter.

Chip stood up and pushed his way around. Just then the car lights flooded on and illuminated the whole front of the house. Rodney was sitting on the top porch step, complete-

ly doubled over in hysterics. Nan and Holly were mopping the tears out of their eyes, as they stood over Chip, Wally, and Bob. Carol was struggling out from under a voluminous blanket, which was attached to a collar of cardboard. In the glare of the car lights, the cardboard looked simply smeared with blotches of phosphorous and red paint.

Nan leaned over to give Wally a hand. He rose stiffly, rubbing his back.

"What hit me?" he asked.

"Selma," Nan answered. "Oh, you looked so funny."

"I've always wanted to make a flying tackle at you, Wally. This was a glorious opportunity." Selma laughed.

"How did she get here?" Wally pointed an accusing finger at Selma, and glared at Nan.

Selma looked hurt. "Why, Wally, you mean—you mean I wasn't invited? Oh, but I was! Not only invited, but told to bring my share of the eats. Of course, if you don't like toasted marshmallows, I suppose I can go home." She batted her eyelashes and sniffed.

Wally made a face at her as he gingerly stepped over the rope that was stretched across the driveway. He looked down on Stella who was sitting next to Rodney, a length of chain and a large metal cooking pot in her hands.

"I'm beginning to get it, but not quite."

"Wally, my dear brother," Nan said. "You overlooked one small item."

"I think we overlooked several," Chip said.

"Just one important one," Nan said. "The extension phone. You called Bob nice and private-like from the living room last night but it so happens I'd just picked up the phone upstairs."

"It so happens, huh?"

"It did, really. Anyway, we figured that what was good for Rodney might be good for you, too. It just took a little imagination—and the help of some female teen-towners—to amplify your act."

Chip and Wally winced.

"Forget it, and have a frank," Nan patted Wally on the shoulders. "Light the bonfire, somebody, please," she called. "We have some more roasting to do."

Chip and Wally huddled together by the fire, glad that the firelight might be blamed for the rosy flush on their faces.

"There's just one thing I want to know, Rod," Chip said. "Didn't the headless woman bother you at all?"

Rod laughed anew. "I told you I wanted to catch all the details. A writer has to be observant." He pointed toward Carol who was now wearing a sweater and skirt and loafers and fuzzy angora socks.

"Have you ever seen a real ghost in bobby socks?" Rodney asked.

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A IS FOR APPLE

(Continued from page 40)

extract (hotels use vanilla, too, but most people don't—it overpowers the flavor of the apple). Slurp this all together and stuff it into the hole left by the core. Put a raisin on the top for a lid and bake as above.

You remember that collar of skin you peeled off around the blossom end? All right—here we go again!

The Simplest Topping

When you think your apples are cooked, take the pan out of the oven. Baste again and sprinkle a collar of sugar where you took off the collar of apple skin. Put them under a moderate flame on the broiler till the sugar melts and candies around the top. This makes a handsome caramel finish.

Slightly Fancy Filling

And again for 4 apples—chop up 4 dates, 6 walnut meats, and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of seedless raisins. Mix with 2 teaspoons of melted butter or margarine and 2 tablespoons of brown sugar. You might also add a light pinch of salt. Stuff the cores as full as you can get them with this mixture, and bake.

Slightly Fancy Topping

Meringues, in fact, where you least expect them. And very pretty, too. Your apples are baked—take them out of the oven and set it for 300°. Beat the whites of 2 eggs till they are really stiff but not dry—in other words, till they stand well in peaks but still slip on the bottom of the bowl. Add $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon of salt, and 4 level tablespoons of sugar, putting the sugar in $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon at a time and beating constantly. Then beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of vanilla. After everything is in, go on beating for several minutes more—till it holds its shape as you take the beater out. Pile it on top of the apples, return them to the oven and leave them there for 10 minutes. By then the meringue should be set and the tops beginning to color. Keep peeking till they are lightly browned, then remove them and you have a dessert that looks just as delicious as it tastes. The test comes when you place it before your astonished family.

Surprising and Super

This time, pick the 4 finest and largest apples you can come by. Pare them all over, cut a slice off the top to be used as a cover and gently take out the core without breaking through the bottom. Then go to work with a small French ball scoop or any other tool, such as a very sturdy coffee spoon, that will let you hollow out the inside of the apple leaving an unbroken wall about three-quarters of an inch thick. Save the apple you take out. Drop the hollow shells into water with a few

drops of lemon juice in it to keep them from browning while you make the stuffing. First, blanch in boiling water 1 cup of almonds. Skin them and separate the two halves, setting them to dry in a warm place. Then chop the apple you saved from the scooping-out process with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the skinned almonds, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of seedless raisins, a shake of cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons of brown sugar. Moisten this with enough bottle-top cream to make a stiff paste and stuff it back into the hollow apples. Set their covers on, put them in a covered baking dish with water to cover the bottom, and bake until tender but not mushy, basting occasionally. When they are done, if there is still much juice in the dish, pour it off, boil it down to thick syrup, and then pour it back over the apples. Now for the topping—that is the meringue recipe above. Spread it over and around the apples. Then stick into it the almond halves you didn't use in the stuffing, putting them in so they stand on end. Set the whole business in a 300° oven for about 15 minutes—till well set and nicely brown. It is sometimes called "The Porcupine"—see?—and it's fine enough for even the fanciest of your "party" occasions.

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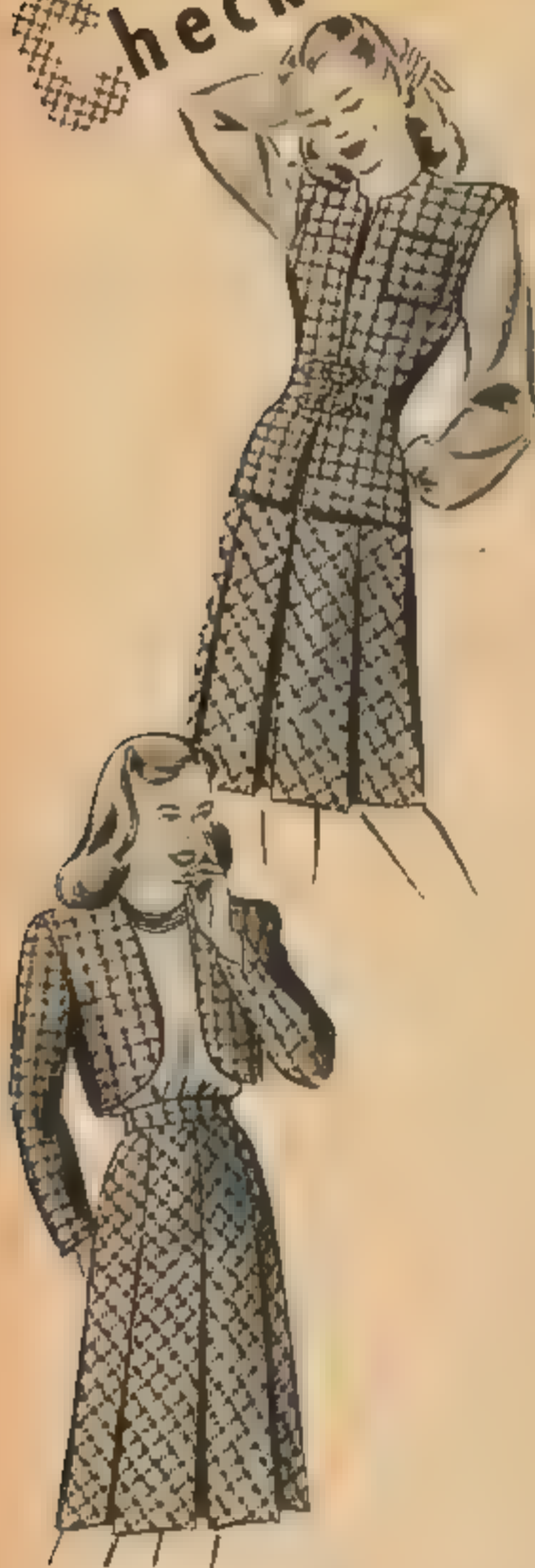


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Drawings by Java

CARNIVAL MYSTERY

(Continued from page 21)

"Thank you very much for the autograph." Kay's eyes were troubled as she gazed after his retreating figure.

"You're late," Red was saying accusingly. "You almost didn't get the autograph."

Kay scowled thoughtfully. "I wonder why he froze like that. I was just making conversation."

Red passed it off lightly. "He's a busy man, Kay. You're just another bobby-soxer to him."

"Why isn't he staying here at the St. George, I'd like to know?" Kay continued. "A man like that must be used to luxury."

Red snorted. "Probably he prefers privacy. The Mohawk Inn is just far enough out of town to give him some peace and quiet. He only comes into West Forks for lectures and special occasions like today."

Suddenly Kay remembered the urgent note in Cramer's voice that had caught her attention in the first place. "Red, what was he telling you?"

"He's expecting a phone call from Washington," Red was irritatingly offhand.

"Yes, but why doesn't he want you to page him?" Kay persisted impatiently. "Isn't that sort of peculiar?"

Red noted apprehensively that the sparkle in Kay's eyes was the same as the one she got before she dared him to do something crazy—like flagpole sitting, or moving the stone deer from the Barlow estate to the zoo.

"It's not bad enough that you're an autograph hound," he teased her. "You read too many mysteries besides. The Civic Club's guests of honor aren't good characters for thrillers, so relax." Red steered her toward the door. "Listen, I'm a working man. Meet me here after work and I'll let you help me drink up the day's profits in double Cokes."

"All right," Kay assented absently. "Red, Cramer lives in Chicago, doesn't he?"

"So it said in the newspaper write-ups," Red called back to her with a twinkle in his eyes. "But they've cleaned up the gangsters in Chicago."

"Maybe they have," Kay told herself grimly, glancing at her watch. "And maybe they haven't." She paused for the lights on the corner of George and Main Streets. "But I'm going to find out."

At five o'clock, she was back inside the hotel, tapping her foot impatiently, when Red joined her.

"Listen to this, Red Hilton," she announced. "I went to the library and checked the Chicago phone book." She paused dramatically. "No Laughton Cramer is listed."

Red's laugh was one of the nicest things about him, but today Kay felt like slitting the throat that was so perfectly exposed as he threw back



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his head and his hearty laugh rang out.

"Didn't you ever hear of private listings, small fry?" Red gasped at last.

The set to Kay's mouth grew more stubborn as they turned from George Street into Elm, where the gray wall of the Barlow estate stretched almost a block before you reached the entrance.

"Red, look!" Kay's hand gripped Red's arm. "There's Cramer going into the Barlows' house!"

"Why shouldn't Cramer visit the Barlows?" Red was losing patience. "Old Mr. Barlow practically owns West Forks. He's the richest man in town and he's running some sort of charity drive. He probably wants Cramer to speak at the fund-raising meeting tonight."

With an elaborate show of patience, Kay leaned against the stone wall. "How long has Cramer been in town, Red?"

"Just this week," Red answered thoughtfully.

"You see!" Kay straightened with a triumphant jerk.

"No, I don't see."

"Well, the charity drive has been on just this week."

"What of it?" Red was almost shouting. "Celebrities usually help with charity drives."

"If only it weren't Mr. Barlow who was running it." Quickly Kay repeated to Red what her father had said about Mr. Barlow and his crackpot ideas. Mr. Bruce, the high school superintendent, had had many dealings with Barlow on the school board and knew his eccentricities well. "Dad says," Kay explained earnestly, "that the one kind of person Barlow detests is a celebrity, so why would he invite Cramer to come to his house, charity drive or no charity drive?"

Red scratched his head. "Maybe he's making an exception of Laughton Cramer." His voice was getting doubtful.

"But besides that, there's something definitely peculiar about Cramer, too," Kay said firmly. "He looked so upset when I asked him if he was working on an assignment here. And there's the business of the phone call from Washington and his name not being in the Chicago telephone book." She slowed down at they approached the Barlow estate. "And I'd certainly like to know what he's doing in the Barlows' house."

"We could stop in to see Barlow's grandson and find out, maybe."

"Oh, Red, that's a marvelous idea!" Kay's eyes were sparkling like diamonds now. "We can pretend we dropped in to ask Wes to go to the Carnival with us tomorrow. It's the last day."

Before Red could protest or even regret his suggestion, Kay was hauling him enthusiastically up the tree-flanked road that led to the Barlows' front entrance. The impressive door

opened almost immediately in answer to Kay's ring, and a butler stood there.

"Is Wes home, please? We'd like to see him." Kay's voice was amazingly casual.

"I'll tell Master Wesleyan you're here," the butler answered. "Would you mind waiting in the living room?" He motioned to a door on the right. "Someone else is in there, waiting for old Mr. Barlow." He started up the broad staircase that led from the hall to the second floor.

Kay glanced significantly at Red and her lips shaped the name, "Cramer." But when she entered the room, she paused suddenly.

Over her shoulder Red could see why. At the far end of the room a man was standing with his back to them and the telephone receiver glued to his ear.

Kay's clear "hello" caught him unprepared. He dropped the phone and whirled around. But this time it was Kay's turn to be startled. The man was not Cramer! He was someone she had never seen before. And it was evident from Red's bewildered expression that the man was a stranger to him, too.

Just then an elderly pasty-faced man stepped into the room. There was no mistaking the annoyed look that he directed to Kay and Red.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Barlow," Kay's voice was no longer innocently casual. "We're waiting to see your grandson."

"I see," Mr. Barlow nodded curtly to Kay, shot a swift glance at the stranger, and moved out of the room with a speed that was surprising for such an elderly man.

Red shifted his weight uneasily, conscious of the silent stranger who stared at them suspiciously.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs and into the strangely silent room came Mr. Barlow's gruff whisper.

"Get those kids out of here," he was ordering.

A moment later Wes Barlow stood in the doorway, embarrassment coloring his otherwise pale face, as he greeted Kay and Red.

"Hello, Wes. We stopped by to ask if you'd like to join us at the Carnival tomorrow." Kay had her voice under control again.

"Yeah. Tomorrow's the last day, you know," Red added, prodded into speech by a jab from Kay.

But Wes Barlow was already moving out into the hall, nervously glancing from the stranger in the living room to his grandfather who stood waiting just outside the door. There was nothing for Kay and Red to do but follow him to the heavy entrance door, as he mumbled something about having already made plans.

"Thanks for asking me, though," Wes Barlow finished, as he opened the door for them. "Maybe I'll see you there." His eyes were almost pleading as he watched Kay and Red start down the driveway.

Kay could hardly wait for the door

to close behind them before she turned to Red. "What do you suppose happened to Cramer?" she whispered excitedly.

"We certainly saw him go into the house," Red puzzled.

"What gets me," Kay went on, "is the way old man Barlow practically gave us the bum's rush."

"That's nothing. He just hates kids. Wes has said that lots of times."

"Just the same, something is very fishy," Kay decided firmly, walking briskly down the drive. "Cramer couldn't have disappeared into thin air."

Out on the sidewalk again, Red grinned at her. "Whatever is happening, we didn't find out much with our unannounced visit."

"We certainly did," Kay blazed indignantly. "What about the strange-looking man listening in on the telephone extension?"

"How did you know he wasn't talking to somebody?"

"Didn't you see how fast he dropped the receiver when I spoke to him?" Kay asked incredulously. "He was obviously eavesdropping. If he were carrying on a conversation himself, he would at least have said good-bye."

For a minute, the two young people stood uncertainly outside the entrance to the Barlow estate, puzzling over the events of the past half hour.

Suddenly, Kay's eyes widened and, motioning Red to follow, she stepped back against the wall. A man was coming down the driveway. It was the stranger who had been in the living room. As he walked, he was absorbed in a wad of money that he counted hastily before thrusting it into his wallet.

As he passed by, close to Kay and Red, they could see that the bills were all large denominations and that the wallet was already stuffed with them. Kay shrank back against the wall, but the man turned up the street without a glance in their direction, so intent was he on the money. Fascinated, they watched him stuff the bulging wallet into his coat and increase his speed.

"We've got to find out who he is," Kay cried. Quickly she started after the stranger, but Red seized her arm.

"Look," he commanded, pointing up the driveway.

Kay stared unbelievably. A man had stepped out from behind the hedge that flanked the Barlows' main entrance. Swiftly he glanced to the left and to the right. Then he tilted his hat jauntily and strolled up the front steps. When he rang the bell, he turned so that his face was clearly visible to the pair out on the sidewalk. There was no mistaking the handsome profile.

"Laughton Cramer!" Kay gasped.

Just then the butler appeared and Cramer disappeared through the door into the Barlow home.

(To be continued)



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HOLIDAY FOR HEARTS

(Continued from page 13)

about a story. But the typewriter refused to produce the properly cutting words about high school sororities that barred Jewish girls from membership. Instead the words that jumbled in Stephie's mind were Ginny's crack about the trolley car and Sue's about being a "steady."

"Well, I swallowed my canary, all right, Ginny," Steph found herself saying aloud. "I suppose you can't have your canary and eat it, either!"

Fiercely, she concentrated on the story that had to be handed in to Ralph that night at the committee meeting.

"Stephie, dinner's ready." Her mother's voice sounded insistent, as though she had called several times. Wearily, Steph pulled out the typewritten sheet and flung it on the table. "Ralph will fix it for me," she reflected, washing her hands and running a comb hastily through her hair. Ralph had a trick of cutting out a sentence, adding a pointed phrase, and a story came to life.

"But what will you do when Ralph is gone?" The thought came unbidden to her mind as she ran downstairs and it kept nagging her through dinner and later when she was drying the dishes.

When, at last, she slipped out the back door and through the hedge that separated her own house from the Meehans', gloom possessed her. The committee members were already gathered in the Meehans' rum-pus room and Stephie sensed at once from the current of excitement that Ralph had told them the news.

"What will the *Clarion* do when you're gone?" Bix Martin was saying, his eyes owl-like in seriousness.

"Never mind the *Clarion*. What will Stephie do?" It was Ginny's voice. Resentment flooded Stephie. She wanted to strike out at Ginny with words—with anything. Ralph's voice, half joking and a little embarrassed, interrupted.

"Listen, John Jones is Superman. Not me. Let's get on with our business."

Watching him as he proceeded briskly with details for the dance, Stephie wondered how he could continue to be so interested in a dance he might not even attend. The thought brought her up sharply. No Ralph. No date. She was in the same boat with Sue Jensen! And there really wasn't much time at all.

There wasn't much time before Ralph would be going, either. Stephie didn't need Ginny's reminder of it the next day as they waited for a Student Council meeting to start.

"Ralph leaves soon. What will you do?"

Stephie shrugged. "Just what I've been doing, of course."

Ginny's eyes were questioning. "But Ralph won't be here."

"Don't you think I'm able to get by on my own?" Stephie flared.

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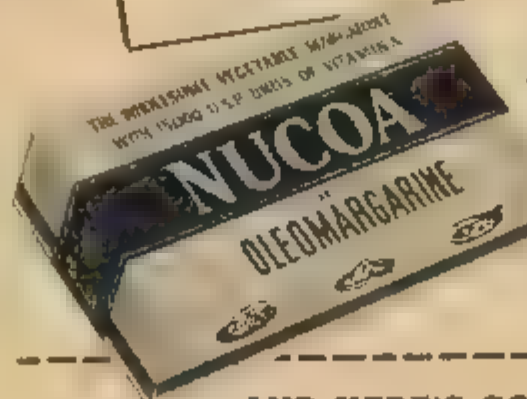
2 loaves sandwich bread
1 lb. Nucoa
1 small jar orange marmalade
3/4 lb. prunes 4 oranges
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2 bottles ginger ale
(quarts)
1 pkg. popping corn
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Notes: Save bread trimmings for mother to use in meat stuff or bread pudding. Bread is precious these days!

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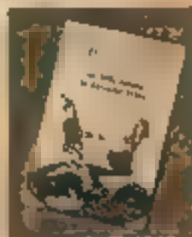
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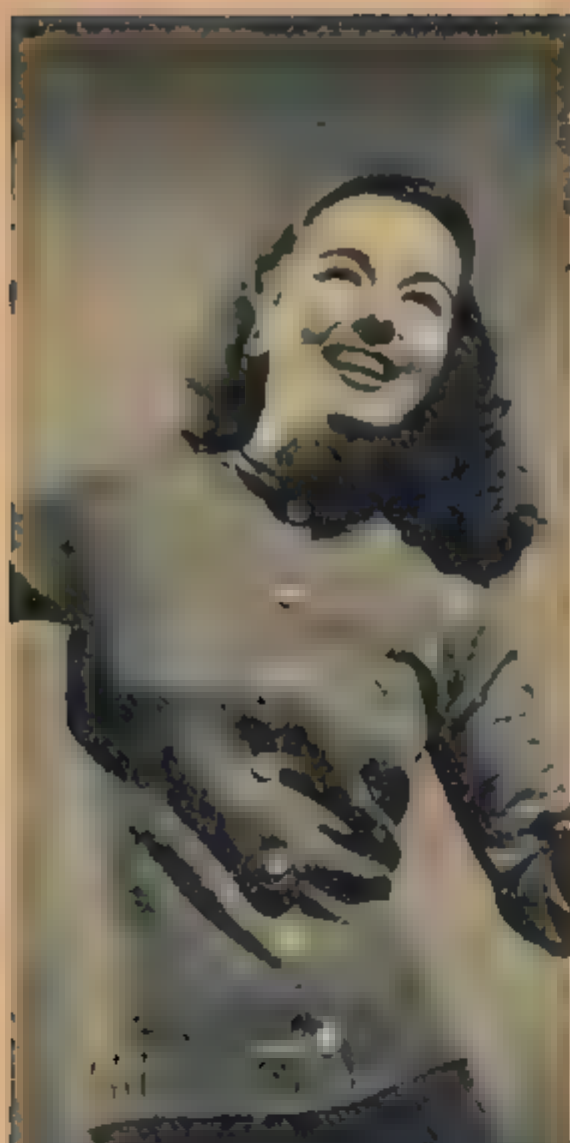
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Ginny shook her head. "You do get breaks because you're Ralph's girl and you sidestep competing because you have a steady."

"Hi! Where have you been hiding?" Superman Jones came toward them, his smile directed at Stephie. Anger subsided in her, as an idea nudged at her. She turned quickly to Superman, smiling brightly, talking quickly. Ginny's eyes on her held an odd look, and Superman's interested expression faded to wariness. Stephie forced words, accompanied by nervous laughter.

"I'm late for practice," Superman backed away, as though intent on escape. "See you around." Nothing about a soda or a movie or . . . Stephie was conscious of Ginny's hand on her arm, of Ginny's voice, almost gentle. "See what I mean? It's not such easy pickings when you're just another girl competing. Come on, let's go to the meeting."

As they stepped into the council room, Stephie searched for Ralph. He was opening the meeting, speaking slowly—almost heavily. The frown that brought his brows together seemed molded there and he didn't joke as usual. "Something's wrong," Stephie thought, impatient for the meeting to be over. When he walked out abruptly at the end of the meeting, Stephie was sure. She ran to catch up with him.

"Ralph! What happened?" Out of breath, she fell in step beside him.

Ralph's grin was rueful. "We're not moving. The firm decided Dad's needed here."

Suddenly the day was golden, the leaves on the trees crimson, the air exhilarating so that Stephie wanted to dance and sing, toss her books high, hug Ralph. But he strode silently, his face glum. "You'd think we were poison," Stephie thought, piqued again at the realization that he wanted to leave. The droop to his mouth filled her with contrition almost immediately, and she began

to chatter away in an attempt to cheer him.

"Well, anyway, we can go to the dance together," Ralph's grin was genuine again.

"Ralph, let's not!" As soon as the words were out, Stephie wished them back. In consternation, she waited for Ralph to be surprised or hurt, but he just studied her in silence, as though he were turning the idea over in his mind.

"I mean," she rushed on, "maybe that's why you're getting bored here. We take each other for granted and it makes life monotonous." Anxiously, she watched his expression. Surely now he would contradict her—deny what she was saying.

"Maybe you've got something," Ralph spoke slowly. "Why, I'm so used to you, I'm not sure I'd know how to date another girl."

"Mother thinks we're really too young to be such a steady team. She says we ought to play the field more until we're older." Stephie recited all the sensible, reasonable words, but she felt like a phonograph record.

"O. K., it's a deal!" Ralph shook her hand firmly. "We'll still have dates though, won't we?"

"Well, you'll have to take your chances with the rest." Stephie produced an impish smile from memory before she turned into the house and ran up the stairs to reach her room before tears came.

It was one thing, Stephie discovered, to say sensible words, but quite another to *feel* they were right. Sure, Mother's praise was sweet, but the day Stephie saw Ralph with Joyce Saxony hurt more than the gloating of the girls over the broken team of Ralph and Stephie.

"Steph, that was a swell story you did in this week's *Clarion*. It didn't sound like your others." Sue was apparently oblivious that anything had happened.

"That's because Ralph didn't help me this week," Stephie admitted.



We are proud to present *Calling All Girls'* new junior advisory editor, Philippa Duke Schuyler, who at fifteen has made a brilliant name for herself as both pianist and composer. She appeared recently as soloist with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, at Lewisohn Stadium.

"Your jungle idea for the dance doesn't sound like Ralph's baby either," Ginny commented approvingly.

Stephie shook her head, unable to speak, and grateful that they had reached the corner where she left them. Rapidly she headed in the opposite direction, stopping before a store window to steady herself.

"Maybe I could ask Ralph to reconsider," she thought wildly. "I've proved I can do things on my own."

"Say, I didn't know you were interested in hunting!" a voice boomed in her ear, and Stephie jumped. Superman Jones stood beside her, enthusiastically studying the window display of hunting equipment. Stephie hadn't noticed whether the window held groceries or live pygmies.

"I've done some hunting with Ralph," she answered mechanically.

"I didn't know girls went in for stuff like that," Superman sounded admiring.

"There are Superwomen too, you know," Stephie teased.

"How about describing them to me over a soda?"

The jungle decorations at the dance, Stephie noted with satisfaction, were effective. They transformed the gym as much as the gay evening dresses and flowers transformed the girls. Sue Jensen danced by, her blue dress swirling gracefully and her small face radiant over Bix Martin's shoulder. A papier-mâché monkey leered down on Ginny and Benjie as they sipped punch.

"Did you think I was lost in the jungle?" Superman Jones offered Stephie a frosted lemonade.

"Mmm. That's a good one to dance to," Superman put down the glasses quickly.

"How about switching partners?" Stephie turned. It was Ralph with Joyce Saxony in tow!

Stephie didn't have to concentrate on following when she danced with Ralph. Their steps matched perfectly from long practice.

"Seems like old times," Ralph said softly, holding her off a little. "Only you never dressed up that much for me," he added appraisingly. "On the other hand, I guess I never sent you flowers, either." Sheepishly he eyed her bracelet of gardenias.

They danced in silence, enjoying all the routines they had worked out together. Only when Ralph returned her to Superman did he speak again.

"Someday, I'll send you a whole bush of those," he said quietly. "And that will mean the field has been played."

With mixed emotions, Stephie watched Ralph and Joyce leave. Ralph would always be Ralph. Maybe someday they would be steadies again... But in the meantime... She turned to Superman Jones, slipped into his arms, smiling a little to herself as they danced.

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Don't let that extra R in Arrid fool you. However it's spelled, Arrid spells dry underarms and consequently helps prevent perspiration odor. You'll find it pleasant to use, too, because it is a smooth white cream that cannot injure fabric or irritate the skin. Priced very moderately according to size of jar, a popular size costs 39c. You can buy it anywhere drugs or cosmetics are sold.



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LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 48)

that she was not the kind of girl they wanted us to associate with. Of course we want to obey our mothers but as this girl is very sensitive, we know that it would hurt her feelings if we should say anything to her about it. What can we do?—Jane T., aged 13, Oklahoma.

THE mothers must have had something more in mind when they objected to their daughters' inviting this one girl into their club than just the fact that she is a "little fat girl." Surely no one would judge a person solely on the basis of a physical trait.

Jane and her pals could tell their mothers that while they know the girl's faults, they are eager to be friendly and to help her and also that they believe she has good qualities which would show up better if she felt more sure of herself. The girls' mothers might have some good suggestions, once they have become interested. They will be glad to realize that their daughters are trying to be fair-minded and do not wish to offend their classmates. After all, the girl is a member of the class, without any great harm being done, why not of the club?

There is something else to think about. In spite of their good intentions, could it be that Jane and her friends may be just a little bit relieved? Are they so eager to have this girl in their club or is it sort of convenient to be able to blame their mothers? It is well for them to be quite sure that they really mean to stick by their decision not to hurt, ignore, or neglect their classmate. If, after thinking it over and discussing it among themselves and their parents, they are certain they want this girl in their club, the vote of the members should be the final decision. This is the democratic way. Their parents should know how seriously the girls have considered the matter and how anxious they are to play fair. In turn, their parents should voice their own objections so that these may be discussed frankly.

We are seven girls who chum around together. Each has a certain fellow whom she likes. But every time the girls go out on a good time like bicycle riding, the boys always find out and they follow. If we go to one of the girls' homes to chat or dance or sing, the boys are in the window peeping or they throw something in the window and do things that are not very nice. And our parents don't like that because the neighbors talk. Even though we tell the boys to stop, they pay no attention. We tried to put an end to that by inviting them in sometimes, but this didn't work out either. When the gang goes out on the street, the boys

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always follow and we get excited. Won't you please tell us what to do? —Lorraine L., aged 14½, New Hampshire.

BOYS do seem to enjoy pranks, jokes, and horseplay a great deal during the teen years. And girls think that is silly and childish. But the boys are usually anxious to win the girls' attention and think a good way to do this is to tease, annoy, or make a lot of noise. Giggling, running away, or even showing excitement do not seem to help at all. In fact, these methods seem to make the boys feel they've been a wow of a success.

It's up to the girls to show the boys how to get attention in sensible ways. Boys are less likely to resort to rough-housing or teasing if there are other things to keep them busy. The girls can invite them to help with any sort of heavy work that might come up in planning parties, dances, or picnics, giving them real, important responsibilities, and making them feel useful and needed. They can teach the boys that it is polite to wait until one is invited to gatherings of various kinds which are not just run in open-house fashion. And the boys should understand, too, that girls' parents do not like them to make pests of themselves, or annoy the neighbors, or act undignified in the pursuit of girls who, at certain times, are busy among themselves. And, of course, the girls must show equal respect for the boys and their private lives.

Lorraine and her friends would probably be lots more unhappy if the boys paid them no attention. In fact, many girls would envy them all that horseplay! The main thing is to go on being friends, but to help the boys to learn how to become better company. The more the girls show their annoyance, the more pesky the boys are likely to be. But the more they try to understand the boys and give them increasing opportunities to practice social poise, and the less they show concern when the boys are trying to tease, the more peaceful things will become.

One other suggestion—Lorraine and each of her friends likes a particular boy. How about each girl having a little private chat with the special friend and asking him to get together with the other boys and see that the foolish conduct may soon give place to more appropriate behavior all around? But there shouldn't be too much "lecturing"! Being "staid and proper" comes in good time. There's nothing quite like the charm of real boys' fun—within limits, of course.

I have been going with a boy I like very much for nearly a month now and we've got along perfect, that is until the other day when his mother said we've been seeing too much of each other and she'd like it stopped.



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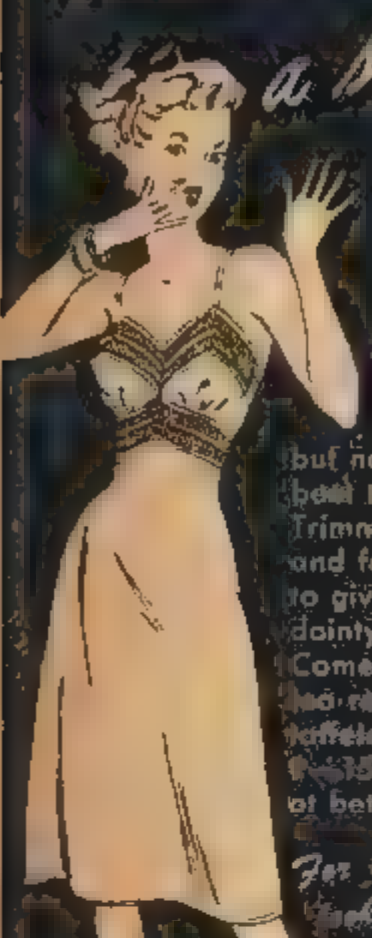
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For one of these "Jolly Jewels" . . . washbucklers on your vanity . . . you're set for sweet-talk from the O.A.O. You'll love 'em, so will we! The gangplank! About \$1.95 (plus 20% tax). Your favorite store has them . . . write for store name.

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We both agreed and decided not to see each other quite so often. This worked out for a week but now his mother is making him promise to hate me, and not to see me again. We like each other very much, and haven't done anything either of our parents didn't approve of.—Beth A., aged 15, Quebec.

IT is hard for Beth to understand Bob's mother, but older people could do so more easily. Parents of teen-age boys, for instance, even when they like certain of their sons' girl-friends very much, sometimes get scared lest their boys grow too serious too soon—or lest the girls think they are, which would be just as unfortunate!

Beth need not stop liking Bob and she should be able to see him sometimes, too. But she can show by her conduct, her manner, and her good spirits that she doesn't want to monopolize him. She can content herself with more gang fun, more doing things in crowds, more planning for group affairs. When there is occasion for special dating in pairs—as at a dance—Bob might be her escort sometimes, as long as she does not expect him to be *always*. She has only been "going with" him for a month. She and Bob may have been together so very much during that time that their parents may have wondered if they would ever have time for anything else! Somehow Beth will have to make it clear to Bob's mother that she isn't possessive, that she and Bob like one another, that they behave sensibly when together, and that both of them know very well they are not ready to be one another's Special Somebody.

Beth realizes that grownups have their problems, too; they do not always feel well, they sometimes have things troubling them, and they have their faults and may act unreasonable at times—just as their daughters and sons may do. Beth hopes Bob's mother will be tolerant and understanding toward her. She must also try to think of the older woman's side of the picture. She can do her part in smoothing over difficulties. She shouldn't be impatient and try to force things. If she sees and dates other boys and Bob sees other girls, Beth may find that his mother feels easier about things.

IRING problems usually bring comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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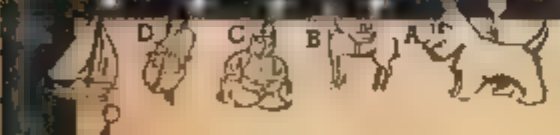
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(Continued from page 50)

Mend toys before Christmas or during the year.

Fill boxes to be sent abroad.
Participate actively in clothing drives.

Sitters

Study up on what it takes to be a good baby sitter. Get a mother, a home economics teacher, or a child care expert to give the club lessons. It's more fun when you know how, and they'll be glad to share their knowledge.

Good shoppers are welcome. Ask a homemaker and your home economics teacher to give you inside information for best buys.

Learn how to make yummy refreshments and still keep within the new food-saving program.

Start a clearing house for club members' services as errand girls, sitters, general helpers-around-the-house.

Have you seen the snazzy lapel ornaments and hat pins some clubs specialize in selling?

Parties

Sports parties, dances (money

making?), bridge parties, guest night, Pop's night, Mother's day, slumber party, progressive supper, holiday celebrations, costume party, restaurant parties—Saturday breakfast, etc.—roller skating party, teas

Box picnic, hobo jamboree, investigate parks and picnic grounds within hiking and bicycling range.

Movies (as if you needed this suggestion).

Art museum—They're always changing and bringing in new exhibitions, so do your bit towards wearing down the front steps.

Concerts—Swing or serious, suit yourselves.

There's nothing like camp life so don't grow up without it. With careful planning and the help of a grownup, your group can go for its own jaunt.

Arrange to join an already organized camp for a two- or three-week period in the summer or for a week end in other seasons.

If you want lots of practical help in forming a club, conducting meetings, planning new and different activities send a stamped, self-addressed, large envelope to Editorial Department C. *Colling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. for the leaflet. *How to Make Your Club a Success.*



TEAM PLAY

(Continued from page 35)

mean only following a set pattern of plays; it also means following lots of little unexciting but exacting routines, arriving on time for practice and meetings, staying after the game to help put away equipment, being willing to run the errands, mend the tears—to be useful. None of the chores in themselves will ever win for you your name in lights or even a school letter. They will contribute greatly to the smooth functioning of the team. When a team has its equipment in order, when the captain doesn't have to worry about a couple of missing sticks as well as the execution of the next play, then you have a smarter and faster outfit.

Everybody in line? Then you're set for the war with the opponents. But remember to confine the feud to playing time only. You're bound to be either guests or hosts in every game you play. When you're the hosts, you'll want to have made every possible preparation for the comfort and convenience of your guests. That includes a place to put their things, a place to dress, adequate bench facilities, and a general spirit of cordiality and welcome that you'd grant any guest in your home. And when you're the guests, you'll want to use the facilities of your hosts with the same consideration you'd want them to extend to you. They may be your most deadly enemies, but only as an opposing team—right? You won't want to act as if you have something against them personally.

When you go into action and come to clutches with the other team on the field of sport, you can fight with all your might. But never forget that it's only a game. You don't have to face the other side with an angel face, as in the wrestlers of that name. Everybody wants you to play your hardest, but you can play with a grin, not a grudge. On the other hand, if you feel the opponents are just so many pushovers, wipe that smug look off your face and play your best anyway. That's only fair. Good manners demand that you be all interest in the game no matter which way it's going.

Hard though it may be, this applies especially to the girl who is stuck as an outfielder when she's positive there isn't a batter on the list who can more than nick the ball, or, at best, bunt it. She may be bored to death, but if she gives in to it and starts daydreaming, she'll pull down the spirits of both teams by her inattention and rudeness. What's more, she may be bopped on the head by a lucky fly.

Every contest you ever entered has probably announced that the decisions of judges are final. They don't announce that in sports; it's assumed you know it. Quibbling with the umpire or referee or judge just isn't done by a polite person. You can't possibly be polite and insult a

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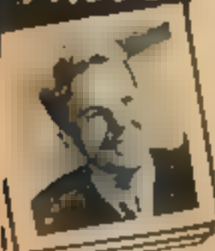
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person's intelligence or integrity at the same time!

Comes the end of the inning, the end of the quarter—well, the end—be careful how you carry off your winner's or loser's manner. Of course you'll thank your opponents for the game and say that you enjoyed it. We hope that you'll never be guilty of saying or implying to anybody that she didn't play fair, square, and even. Don't make excuses when you lose; it's much more gracious of you to admit the other guys played a better game!

You don't have to have bat, stick, or ball in hand to be a member of the team. You're really a member when you're sitting on the sidelines cheering. Your duties may be a touch obscure, but cheering, for instance, is teamwork. You should be considerate of your fellow spectators, too. Don't get so excited that you jump up and down and ruin the game for the poor person behind you, as well as the poor person in front of you who will feel in imminent danger of bodily injury. Try to bone up a bit on the ways of the game before you go so that you can follow it with intelligent interest rather than unintelligent-sounding questions. Boys especially are impatient with what they consider silly questions about a sport. If you ask too many, they'll prefer to go alone to the next game.

Boys don't go for a lot of twaddle about the other spectators, either. They go to see the game. They aren't in the least interested in craning around to look at the cute dress Alice is wearing. You shouldn't be craning to look at it either, as your date's disgust may tip you off.

You might say this all has nothing to do with etiquette but is just a session of good sportsmanship. True—but good sportsmanship is the etiquette of the game. The well-mannered girl is always a good sport because she will always do the right, the considerate, and the gracious thing. And remember, it's the good sports who make sports good!

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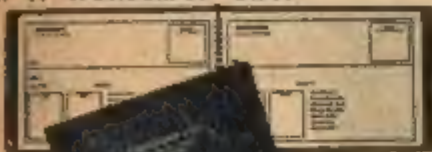
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FROM YOU TO US

(Continued from page 4)

best stories that I have read yet. It woke me up to a lot of things.
M. E., Bronx, N. Y.

Pioneer

The stories in CAG are very enjoyable. I like the magazine just the way it is.

Probably you've never heard of Ajax. It's a village that was built during 1941 so that the war workers could be near their work. One of the great munitions plants was located here, and over forty million shells were turned out after being filled with high explosives. There are 2,726 acres inside of the fence and 127 acres for the village. Now the University of Toronto has turned it into a very modern university.

J. O., Ajax, Ont.

From far away

I like the page about the films and "Tricks for Teens" best, but CAG advertisements are a feature in themselves! We here have to wear dresses either too old or too young for us. Nobody ever thinks of designing dresses especially for girls in their teens.

I think that correspondence between girls of Britain and America makes us realize all that we have in common and promotes greater friendship between the two countries.

A. R., Llanduano, North Wales

Free speech

One thing I'm most thankful for is "From You to Us." It gives us a chance to express ourselves and to become acquainted with girls from other states and other parts of the world. I used to think that they were peculiar or different, but really, those girls are the same as the rest of us.

J. N., Salt Lake City, Utah

"From You to Us" gives us a chance to help you print your magazine according to what we enjoy. It helps make CAG our magazine.

N. S., Chittenango, N. Y.

I think S.P. is wrong a hundred times. "From You to Us" helps us understand other people.

S. K., Evansville, Ind.

I would like to ask S. P. to speak for herself. In the July issue she stated very emphatically that we were not interested in "From You to Us." Why didn't she say I am not interested. I'm sure most girls don't feel that way because CAG is really a swell magazine clear through.

D. B., Fish Lake, Utah

No doubt S(our) P(uss) of West New York, N. J. found "From You to Us" less "dull and unsatisfactory" in the July CAG with her own "lively and interesting" gripe in it.

T. M., Superior, Ariz.



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HER COVER GIRL CAREER STARTED WITH A BANG!



BABS MARCH owes quick success as a Conover Cover Teen to her bangs. Seems she was walking down the street one day in New York, when a representative of Drene Shampoo offered her a job in Drene shampoo ads. (You saw one on the back cover of the August *Calling All Girls*.) That first job put the modeling bee in Babs' bangs—and bonnet—so she applied to the Conover Model Agency and was immediately accepted. Her very first fashion assignment was for *Calling All Girls*. (She wore two of the prize-winning jacquard sweaters in the August issue.) This is her first front cover.

Babs is fifteen, a Sophomore at Abraham Clark High School in Roselle, N. J. She's five feet even and weighs 118. Among her likes: co-ed schools, Peter Lawford and June Allyson, "They Say It's Wonderful," Bob Hope's radio show, and double hot fudge sundaes with plenty of marshmallow, nuts, and cherries. With boys Babs has a sweet and quiet manner, and, judging from the way they swarm around her, her technique is extremely effective. On the front cover Babs is wearing a White Smoke Kingora topper by Barbara with matching hood by Madcaps and leopard-stenciled fur mitts by Wilshire. Her lipstick is Framboise-414 by Louis-Philippe. Our front-cover Kodachrome is by William Ward.

*Stores which sponsor the official CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air

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